# AMERICA'S BEST THE NEW YEAR STARTS HERE: CIA BRAIN IMPLANTS, THAILAND'S TRICKEST TREATS & A STALKER'S TWISTED LOVE WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This life

# FIAMEDUSE ADVENTURS









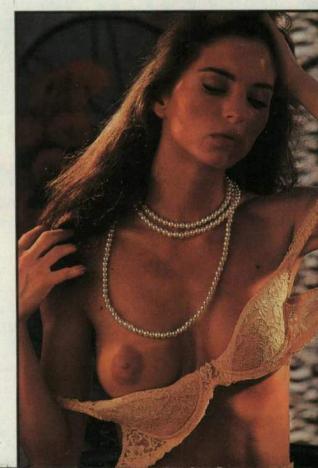
# HUSTLER

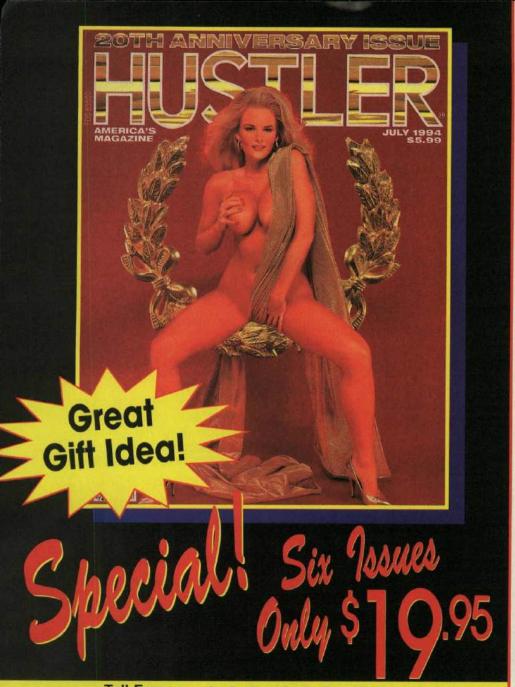
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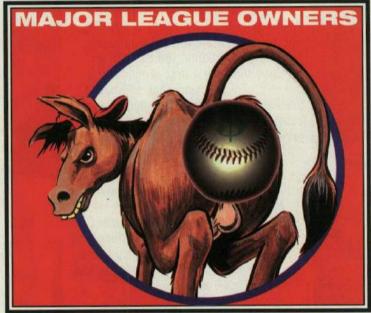


# **ASSHOLES OF THE MONTH**

A sphincter is a selfish thing. As though propelled by a rampaging, flush-away ego, the butt ring always does what it wants to do, and it only knows how to do one thing: dump. Spewing foul-smelling contaminants is the turd-cutter's sole route to gratification; its primary reason to exist. There's no denying the browneye's offal nature—when it blinks, it stinks, and it cares not one little whole piece of corn who it shits on in the process.

One single, individual crap dispenser, working alone with no outside sponsorship or assistance, is capable of pumping out enough toxic waste to cast a fecal cloud upon the most sunshiny day. So what happens when 28 feces factories of the highest order band together and expel in concert? Well, in the case of Major League Baseball's franchise owners, 28 manure manufacturers of megalomaniacal proportions have combined their ass-gas efforts to waft an ill wind into Mudvilles nationwide, thus qualifying as HUSTLER Magazine's collective Assholes of the Month for January 1995

By now, baseball's 1994 World Series should be fading nicely into the nostalgic fabric of America's ongoing, living, ever-regenerating tradition. Instead, the game has fallen victim to the poisons of corporate politics, financial intrigue, pride, arrogance and stupidity. The team owners have abandoned their stadiums, their payrolls and their TV contracts. Quitting the game and taking their toys of privilege and power home with them, the owners are like



some shit-lips rich kid who's got the only good ball in the neighborhood. Unless everyone plays by their rules, the season's over.

Baseball is as much a part of the American dream as apple pie, Mom, fair play or the work ethic. Big league ball, whether viewed on the tube, heard on radio or shared firsthand as a cheering portion of the ballpark crowd, embodies the best parts of a religious experience for many of us in this country. The struggles and triumphs of our teams instill us with a sense of community that the rhetoric and chest-thumping of our civic leaders too often does not. When all else fails in our long, hot summers of riot and discontent. baseball is there to show us patience,

sportsmanship, structure, teamwork, civilized competition, an orderly reality. Baseball is a pure American language, a dialect that comes as easily to the freshly arrived immigrant lad as to the son of a junior-league matron.

Baseball, even at its commercial pinnacle, connects us and unites us, and it ain't here because a cabal of 28 shit-in/shit-out fucks decided on September 14, 1994, that the season was over. For the first time since 1904, America's children will end their summer vacations and go back to school without the consolation of a pennant race and that final, best-of-seven showdown.

The team owners, by their own reckoning, stand to lose a projected

\$580 million due to the 1994 season cancellation. The players face dropping an estimated \$230 million, along with forfeiting what was shaping up to be the best season in decades for personal on-field accomplishments (homers, ERA, batting average) and team play (Cleveland Indians). The baseball fan is screwed worse than anyone in the aborted transaction, even if all we are deprived of is our illusions.

A fanatical interest in baseball is the healthy American boy's first true compulsion. Later he will learn to jack off and pursue women and money, but none of these drives will match the innocent joy of his initial love. He will spend evenings poring over box scores. He will argue the merits of his favorite present-day players against those Hall of Famers who have gone into the pantheon of diamond and mound. He will play the game, and endless variations of it, day after day, into the twilit evening, until it is so dark outside that he can no longer see the ball to swing at it.

Years will pass. He will have pushed 40 and be creeping up on 50. At the company picnic, at the family reunion, in a pick-up game in the street, he'll pull on a mitt; he'll take his swats at a low, inside pitch; he will know that baseball is not a commodity, that it is not owned.

According to October '94's Harper's magazine, 56 percent of Americans believe that there is baseball in heaven. HUSTLER Magazine believes that 100 percent of baseball's Major League owners will end up in hell, in the ring of the Assholes.

Mel Reynolds: "If I were a white congressman with the same background would the same thing have happened?" asked Rhodes scholar and member of the House Ways and Means Committee, Mel Reynolds, referring to a 20-count indictment charging him with having sex with an underage girl, soliciting lewd photos from another jailbait and

# Fart in the Wind

then trying to obstruct an investigation of these activities. "I think not," he answered himself, dismissing the uproar as an attack of the white powers that be against an innocent black man. Reynolds's skin-tone defense is doubly offensive since he won his House of Representatives seat by chiding African-American incumbent Gus Savage for crying racism while insulting whites and Jews. Reynolds described the woman he is accused of using as a sex toy while she was a 16-year-old campaign worker as "an emotionally disturbed nut case." Would Reynolds judge her so harshly if he, guilty or not, were something greater than an Asshole of color? We think not.

# January. A period of renewal. A month of resolution. A time to pick...

# HUSTLER's 1994 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Winner.

It's been another year of bustling Beaver Hunt entrants from which the blurry-eyed HUSTLER editors have selected the four semifinalists seen on this page. Now, the pussy winnowing is in more discriminating hands. That's right, the person or persons staring at this page are invited to play an important role in the life of one of these gals. Simply fill out and mail the ballot below. The woman who receives the most *Beaver of* the Year votes will walk off with \$5,000 and a trip to Beverly Hills, California. As an added incentive.

every reader earns the pleasure of watching the winner spread her victory labes in an upcoming issue of HUSTLER, America's most opportunistic magazine.



Lisa Marie. A model/actress from Seattle, Washington, this 27-year-old is anything but a slacker. She digs photography, hunting and making clothes. She was crowned this year's first semifinalist in our February '94 issue, but still hasn't fulfilled her fantasy of being tied up in a castle and ravished by a handsome prince.

Caroline. Spring flowers weren't the only things sprouting when this 26-year-old's semifinalist layout appeared last May. A lifeguard from Greensboro, North Carolina, Caroline enjoys sunbathing and reading when she's not dreaming of making love in the rain. Staying wet has long been her noble aspiration.





Katerina. From the Great White North comes this snowy lass who attends college in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Barely old enough to drink when her semifinalist layout appeared last August, the 21-year-old loves sports and the thought of a private workout with a fit, young blonde.

Amanda. Our final diver into the grand prize pool showed her semifinalist form in the November '94 issue. She hails from Boca Raton, Florida, works as a nurse and relaxes by bodysurfing or working out. Her great sexual escape would occur on the back of a Harley, making love to a man while he somehow steers.



# We've provided the girls. You make the final call.

My choice for Beaver of the Year 1994 is

Send ballot to HUSTLER's Beaver of the Year Contest, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Your country thanks you!

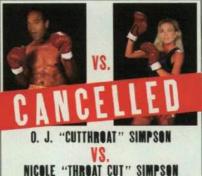


# THE BATTERY IN BARBADOS





VS.



MICKEY "WILD ODOR" ROURKE VS. CARRE "WILD ORCHID" OTIS

# ONE NIGHT OF SLAM-BANG SPOUSE-BASHING ACTION!

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1995, AT THE HENNY YOUNGMAN WAR MEMORIAL. TICKETS ON SALE NOW.

# From the Wedding Ring to the Boxing Ring

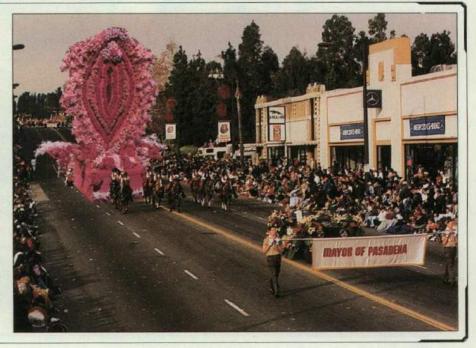
Several high-profile assholes have been charged with domestic violence recently, including former actor and full-time loser Mickey Rourke, who allegedly bruised the beautiful face of wife Carré Otis in August 1994. If only these battered women would curb their tongues, don the gloves and meet their mates in the ring, their celebrity spats would result in headliners instead of headlines. Imagine Ike and Tina Turner battling to a blacker, bluer finale, followed by a climactic tag team grudge match, featuring James Caan and Axl Rose taking on all cunt-tenders.

The fairer sex deserves a fair fight, and so do the rest of us. All proceeds go to the Mike Tyson Defense Fund, toward Tyson's pay-per-view rematch with Embattled Spouse World Champ Robin Givens.

# A Cherry Float

Nothing inflames a hangover like the New Year's Day Rose Parade. With brassy bands, cheeky celebrities and ostentatious floats, the annual procession needs an injection of something cool. HUSTLER has a solution. In keeping with the parade's universal theme of brotherhood, we've submitted this float, dubbed "The International Language," which we hope to see sailing down Colorado Avenue this January 1. If we're denied entrance, however, paste this photo over the television screen anyway. It will still be hanging there even after the liquor supply has run out.

Power to the pussy.



Princess Diana has had her problems lately. Separated from Prince Charles. Di has dealt with bouts of bulimia, fits of suicidal depression and the accusation of making at least 300 crank phone calls to married millionaire Oliver Hoare. Now, her former hang-ups have inspired a titillating new career. Dial 1-900-Royal-Fuck and prepare for a sexy, albeit often interrupted, interlude with the Prince's former pussy. Be patient, however. As this exclusive transcription indicates, a caller has to do plenty of speedy dialing to achieve aural satisfaction.

"Hi, luv, this is Princess Di, and I want to be your little (click)...I can feel your big, hard (click)...my hot, tight (click)...Ohh, you're so (click)...Oh it, baby! Shoot your (click)...Oh, goodness! I'm gonna (click)...That was splendid, doll. I can't wait for (click). Buh-by."

PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. ROYAL HEAD PASTED ONTO OUR MODEL'S BODY PHONE NUMBER AND QUOTES ARE FICTITIOUS.

# "HAVANA GOOD TIME? NO? COME TO CUBA! WE HAVE NO MORE PEEMPS, NO CREEMINALS AND NO LOCO COCOS. WHY? PEYVE ALL SAILED TO AMERICA ABOARD ROYAL CUBAN CRUISE LINE!" CRUISE DIRECTOR FIOTA Cuban Style Hospitality® on the SS Rice & Beans

# The Loathe Boat

Treacherous waters, dwindling rations and ultimate imprisonment are only three of the first-class perks that await travelers of the Royal Cuban Cruise Line. By generously allowing the citizens of his downtrodden nation to travel to American-funded hospitality camps, Cruise Director Fidel Castro has said, "Bye-Bye-Lu" to his dictatorship's biggest problems. Now, the Cuban streets are free of all but the hungry, the tired and the poor. Thus, there's no better time to come to Havana for a peaceful vacation. The Royal Cuban Cruise Line-Sinking Cubans for a better Cuba.

 NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, CUBAN DICTATOR'S QUOTES ARE FICTITIOUS, CASTRO, OF CO NOTHING BLIT THE REST FOR HIS DEDBLE

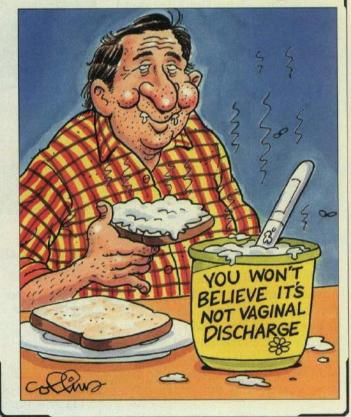






Before the covered wagon, a cowboy protected his stuff with a special mammary canvas. Thanks and \$150 go to Sandy Wachs for sharing this one-woman posse. Climb aboard the gravy train by forwarding classic nudie pictures to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

# "MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



Get ready to enter the contest of a lifetime as we search for three men to live in...

# **HUSTLER's Real World**

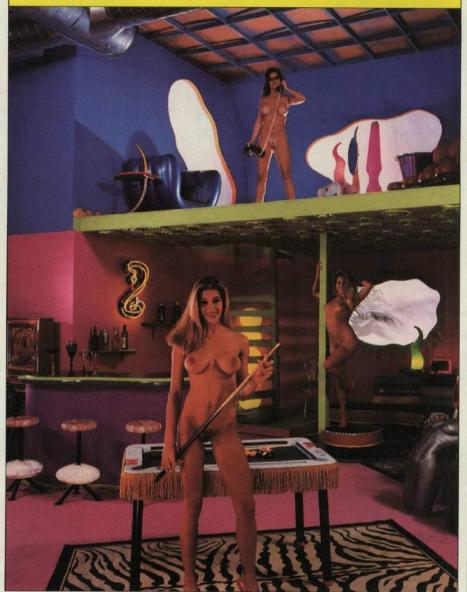
# **The Event**

Ever wonder what it would be like to live the HUSTLER lifestyle? Now, a few good men will find out. We need three guys of any race, color or creed to live in our Real World house for one month. The chosen few will travel to Beverly Hills. California, to sleep, eat, shit and do whatever else comes naturally with these three women. As the action unfolds, HUSTLER's cameras will monitor what happens when people ditch their pretensions, drop their trousers and get fucking real.

# The Rules

Complete the coupon below and tell us, in 25 words or less, why you deserve to be a part of this unique experiment. HUSTLER's editors will then select three entrants who best represent a cultural cross section of our readership. The Real World winners will receive round-trip airfare, all the food and drink they can ingest, and one month's supply of ribbed condoms. Entrants must be available from January 10 to February 10, 1995, and agree to be filmed during their most intimate moments. The three winners will be announced in an upcoming issue of HUSTLER with the climactic photo-feature scheduled to appear in a Spring '95 issue.

# HUSTLER'S REAL WORLD



Name:

Race and theological beliefs:

Age:

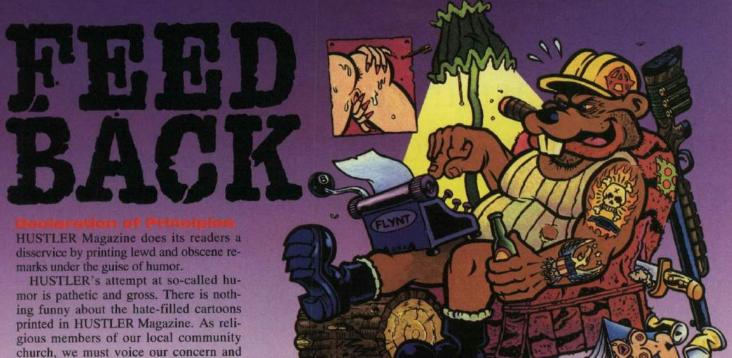
I deserve to be a part of HUSTLER's Real World because

Mail coupon and brief explanation to: HUSTLER's Real World Cattle Call, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.





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90	3. 20/20 TAB 125 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
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HUSTLER's attempt at so-called humor is pathetic and gross. There is nothing funny about the hate-filled cartoons printed in HUSTLER Magazine. As religious members of our local community church, we must voice our concern and ask you to refrain from seeking laughter in the pain and misery of others. Pornography is shameful, and pornographers bring shame upon themselves. Nothing proves this fact more than HUSTLER Magazine.

—T. Y., R. F.

Valencia, California

HUSTLER respectfully refers to the immortal words of comic godhead Lenny Bruce: "We pornographers take fuckin' offense at you people who are offended at our humor. Our humor is very good humor, and if you don't like it—fuck you! How dare you be offended at our humor! We're offended at the fuckin' fact that you're offended—you cocksuckers! We're gonna pornographer our dicks off. We're gonna walk around with our dicks out. If you find any dick-out law, then you can fuck with us!" Thank you, Lenny. You may go back to heaven now.

## **Wet One**

When are you guys at HUSTLER gonna get some balls? Other magazines show tongues on pussies, as well as cocks in a girl's mouth covered with her hand and other such goodly raunch. You guys don't know shit.

Wait a minute! Holy fuck! Mickey in the November issue (Mickey and Scott: Their Love Spills Over, November '94)! My dream's come true! I don't know if the cum on Mickey's hand is real, but I know the cum on mine is. Now if you'd only include more than one guy-and-girl spread each month!

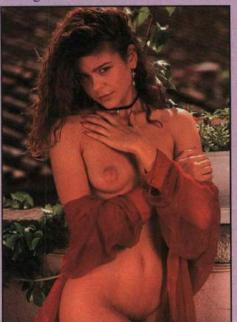
—H. B.

Flint, Michigan

# Mickey Is Dawn

I have a bet with my cellie about the girl named "Dawn" in the November 1994 issue of HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL. She's fucking awesome. The minute I saw her on the cover I knew I had to have her! She had me shooting my load clear across my cell and damn near broke the door down!

However, will you please clear this up for me? In HUSTLER's November 1994 issue, there's a couple by the name of Mickey and Scott: Their Love Spills Over, November '94). Mickey looks an awful lot like Dawn—same eyes, same freckles, same fucking earring in the same hole! I know there are



Marti: Close at Hand

girls who go by different names in various magazines, and I'm so sure that Dawn and Mickey are the same person that I bet my cellie a case of granola bars. Will you please tell this asshole that Dawn and Mickey are the same girl?

—E. J. D. Indian Town, Florida

Start crunching, E. J. D. Mickey is Dawn and vice versa. Readers who want to check out the raw bloom of young womanhood that stuffs the pages of HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL, contact our subscriptions department.

# **Snort of Snatch**

September 1993's scratch 'n' sniff was one of the best ideas ever in HUSTLER (Scratch 'n' Sniff Tabatha: Scent Event, September 1993). To be able to sniff some pussy now and then is a precious thing.

I am a 31-year-old man in jail. I will be home soon; so I will be able to get some pussy from my wife. I have been in jail for about two months now. I am used to getting pussy every day. Yes, every day. (Three times one day!) But that's not the reason I am writing.

You will be happy to know that America's finest, HUSTLER Magazine, is very popular in jail. You can get up to 15 packs of cigarettes for a HUSTLER. Playboy costs only three packs. When I can get a magazine, I get HUSTLER.

Anyway, back to the scratch 'n' sniff. What if you could scratch the ass as well as the pussy? That would be a great idea. I

# 10 Other Things You Can Do With Masturbator Gold Card™ (Purchase Necessary). While vacationing at

Choo-Choo's Chicken Ranch ask for Mary Mattressback and use this special

card to 1 fuck her ass while 2 calling her by

name. If you were never married, why not 3

front of pictures of her kids? The outdoors-

dig 4 fucking her in an open grave and

stuff in her hair. Looking for romance?

suck your dick while you take a shit before

your name in semen across her belly.

would probably enjoy 8 wearing her

underneath a coffee table that she 9



course, you can

simple route and

naval. But remember, Mary Mattressback

with open sores, and she won't take

your ex-wife's

eat her out in

man might

5 dropping

Have her 6

7 writing

Fanciful fuckers

press-on nails

squats over. Of

always go the

10 piss in her

won't take men

American

Express. Masturbator Gold Card. It's more than a credit card. It's money that fucks you.

could probably get 20 packs of cigarettes for a HUSTLER that had a scratch 'n' sniff ass in it. Keep on it, HUSTLER. —J. K. Valhalla, New York

# **Dad Blasted**

If A. P. from Dulles, Virginia, ("Dad Burned," Feedback, November '94) doesn't want to fork over 42 percent of his earnings to the Feds to support welfare mothers, I've got the perfect solution for him. He should quit his job and go to work in a factory. If taxes are too high even on a union wage, he could always wash dishes or pick produce. Hey, he might even actually meet some members of the quiet majority of blacks and Hispanics who work damn hard to support their families on earnings that are truly meager.

If A. P. were to form his opinions from facts instead of the scare stories of the Far Right, he would know that there are plenty of white welfare mothers and certainly no lack of white "deadbeat dads," even among those who earn enough to pay 42-percent taxes. To look at black pussy and think only of welfare mothers is like looking at white pussy and thinking that she must be a rich bitch with a bigoted dad. When it comes to pussies, the only color that matters is pink!

—J. W.

Sonoma, California

This is in response to "Dad Burned" in HUSTLER's *Feedback* ("Dad Burned," *Feedback*, November '94). Rich white father, why do you weep? Learn your history, man!

You have left half-white babies all over the world since you discovered black pussy. Go south, white man. Look at the bastards you breeded and never gave one damn penny. What you deserve is a slap on your ass.

—E. T.

Spokane, Washington

# **XXXmas**

Since I didn't see the kind of Christmas parodies I expect from HUSTLER Magazine in 1994, I thought I would get my suggestions in early for Christmas 1995. Here are some ideas: How about a pictorial featuring some babe decorating her house for Christmas in the nude, playing with all her decorations on various parts of her body. I'd like to see her squat naked over the nativity scene, then sit back and place the baby Jesus figurine on her bush so that he can "sleep in a heavenly piece"!

Also, what about a pictorial of a babe named Mary and her boyfriend Joseph visiting a life-size nativity scene at night. She leads him to the manger, unzips his pants and commences to blow him among the statues. After a while, she removes her panties, hikes up her skirt and sits her sweet ass down and has her boyfriend fuck her right in the cradle. Truly a "silent night, holy fuck"!

For a wonderfully raunchy twist, how about a dominatrix-style Christmas? No toys for the girls and boys this year, as Santa is all tied up. Santa unwittingly visits the home of a sexy, hot, but very naughty young woman, whom he finds masturbating in her bed, with visions of big, red cocks dancing in her head.

The nasty young woman decides to show Santa what bad girls are made of. She ties him up, beats him, whips him, kicks him and then sits on his face, laughing at him. The next morning, Mrs. Claus finds Santa tied up and unconscious in his sleigh, gagged with a pair of panties. Come on! Let's see some creativity in HUSTLER's 1995 Christmas issue.

—N. B.

Chicago, Illinois

We forwarded your letter to Santa, N. B. Judging by his reaction, we suggest you either move, change your name or start doing a hell of a lot of good deeds. Unless being antler-fucked by a reindeer sounds like season's greetings to you.

# **Bridge Builder**

I'm a Desert Shield and Desert Storm vet who is still in the U.S. Navy. HUSTLER has helped me through mine-laid waters, Scud missiles and a Soviet-built MIG from Yugo locking weapons on my ship.

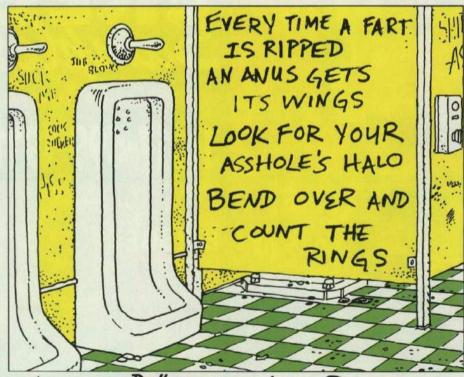
A black guy here complained that HUSTLER was a racist magazine because it poked fun at blacks and didn't have any black women in its layouts. Eagerly, I produced back issues and showed him at least two black models in the past year, as well as jokes about the KKK, Jews, Orientals and a host of other races and nationalities. He is now an avid HUSTLER fan and eagerly awaits any Klan jokes and black women. Thank you, HUSTLER, for being an equal-opportunity offender!

—Cajun Muff Diver USS La Salle

# **Girl Call**

Sorry, I'm not offering any deep thoughts or responses to one of HUSTLER Magazine's many fine articles. I only want to say that I think HUSTLER had the privilege of photographing one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen: Marti (Marti: Close at Hand, November '94). Don't get me wrong. I'm no sexist pig. It's not just Marti's beautiful face that (continued on page 25)





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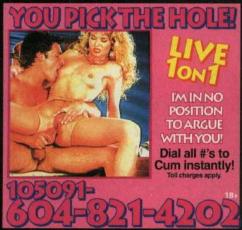






















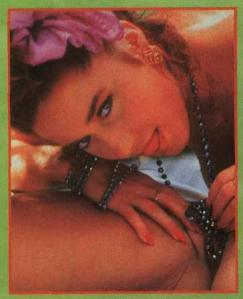


# VIRGIN TREASURES VOLUME 1

Fully Erect. Directed by Frank Thring; starring Brittania, Kitty Yung, Alberto Ray, Erica Rouge, Sidonie, Erica Rakoscy, Joe Verducci, Frank Curl and Katie Bergman. Videocassette: Private Video. Shot on Film.

If a perfect world exists, it's almost as good as the landscape of *Virgin Treasures Volume 1*. Shot around a luxurious home on a verdurous tropical island with the Technicolor-blue Caribbean as a backdrop, *Treasures* would be appealing even without the sexy girls. Better yet, the sexy girls are so sexy, and they are so ably, provocatively and thoroughly sexed, that *Treasure* could have been shot in a basement and still earn close to Fully Erect. Looking like she flounced straight out of a Miller Ice commercial, sloe-eyed, juicy-lipped Brittania, with her smartly bobbed tits and cropped

brunet hair, is a double-dish of porn good fortune. We're lucky she fucks in the first place, and twice as blessed that she puts so much into it, lapping, jerking, sucking and going all starry for dick in her thin, toned, tan trim. Brittania ends *Treasure's* first fuck with a flush of wad to her face; her nipples don't rise again until the final torrid orgy. Wile away the meantime with a gaggle of jiggle-tittled ginches, all pretty in face, nates and pussy, all heavily into hard fucking, threeways, anal penetration and popshots in the pouter. *Virgin Treasures* is well worth uncovering. —*Christian Shapiro* 



Virgin Treasures: Island Jewels.



Treasures: Red, white and blue meets pink, pink and pink.

# TRACT

Asses 6: Slip it in Moore. More! More! More!

# HOT TIGHT ASSES 6

**Three-Quarters Erect.** Directed by Michael Carpenter; starring Melanie Moore, Sydney St. James, Maeva, Kaitlyn Ashley, Beverly Glenn, Heather Lee, Peter North, Alex Sanders, Marc Wallice and Nick East. Videocassette: TCKS.

Michael Carpenter, creator of the Hot Tight Asses series, cut his professional porn teeth in the early 1970s by splicing together hard-core loops in his Baltimore attic, then peddling them to the sleazeariums of New York City's Times Square. Twenty years later, Carpenter brings the hyperkinetic nastiness of those fledgling days of XXX to video, via his Hot Tight Asses line, which has quietly—and deservedly—garnered a faithful following among those seeking hot, gnarly, highly animated fuck action. Every scene's a butt-hump in Hot Tight Asses 6, and Carpenter elicits an abundance of bone-popping energy from each of his assembled poke-pros. Nick East nails Kaitlyn Ashley where it counts most; Marc Wallice parks his plantain up Beverly Glenn's glistening bung; Heather Lee humps the edge of her bathtub; sizzling sexmite Maeva makes it atop a pool table with Glenn and Wallice; Lee heartily attaches herself to Glenn's gash while Peter North power-knocks at her backdoor; little-mammed Melanie Moore is scintillating astride a marble staircase with sweet-snatch Sydney St. James; and Lee's various openings serve as the only thing separating Alex Sanders and North from some terribly intimate moments during the tape-ending double-penetration. Hot Tight Asses: Not only do they have them, but Carpenter and crew know exactly how to use them.

—Selwyn Harris



Body and Soul: Million and meat.

# **BODY AND SOUL**

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Michael Craig; starring Mike Horner, Ashlyn Gere, Alex Jordan, Tiffany Million, Mick E., L. S. Talbot, Marc Wallice, Lorin Mick and Shawana Mason. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

Mike Horner is a writer who can't write. Okay so far. He rents a squalor-pit apartment so he can crank out his newest novel. The place skeeves out girlfriend Alex Jordan. Mooning Horner looks out the window at the shutdown brothel next door. He sees fucking ghosts. He goes to sleep, just like every porn viewer sooner or later does, and the ghosts visit his dreams, having sex with him. In the end, he walks off into the netherworld with spooky poon Ashlyn Gere. The first fuck isn't too good: The broad has some turkey flesh and not much tits, neither her nor the dude seem very into mashing against one another. The action, not shot well, is obscured by window scotting. "Yum, yum," proclaims hardened pro Tiffany Million in screw number two as a crank spritzes in her face. The third stringer has a titjob that didn't augment her desirability, and a weird-looking belly. Screws four and five are Horner throwing the identical same bang into first Jordan then Ashlyn Gere. Body and Soul doesn't have enough of either. —C. S.



# SUPERMODEL

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Lene Hefner, Leena, Isis Nile, Asia Carrera, Shelby Stevens, Vanessa Chase, Chante, Ariel, Buck Adams, Alex Sanders, Steven St. Croix and Jonathan Morgan. Videocassette: Vivid Film. Shot on Film.

The confusion, inconsistency and misrepresentation that undermine the fictional conceit behind Supermodel's story (a murder drama set in a milieu of female "erofic models" who have gained world renown and the riches of hell by posing for soft-core still photos) are the same unreal projections that make the arrogance of its lead hole, Lene Hefner, so revolting. Certainly, Hefner is an attractive specimen of designer femininity, although the price she's paid for her good looks is open to speculation. However, no ginch—not even one as beautiful in reality as Hefner and her handlers must consider her to be in their greed-tinged fantasies—is so hot that she can appear in a hard-core pornographic motion picture, put out strictly soft-core posturing and expect to get anything more than a ripe, reverberating, moist fart in the face from the informed XXX-viewing public. The shame of Supermodel is that the avid, lustful, honest-to-gonad fucking of its supporting cast must go unrecommended due to the short-shrift mendacity of its lead cunt.

—C. S.



Supermodel: A girl getting fucked. That means it's not Lene.

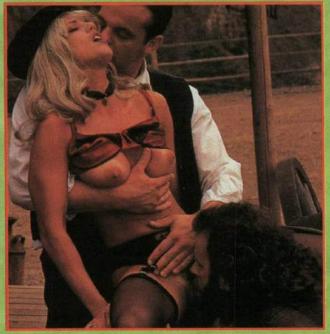
# **~**`

# THE SECRETS OF BONNIE AND CLYDE

**Half Erect.** Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Racquel Darrian, Asia Carrera, Dyanna Lauren, Tara Monroe, Isis Nile, Nicole London, Derrick Lane, Steven St. Croix, Jon Dough and Buck Adams. Videocassette: Vivid Film. Shot on Film.

The Bonnie and Clyde series ranks among current-day porn's slickest, though by no means is it the hottest. Secrets, the third installment, is a behind-the-scenes melodrama about the making of a movie based on the Depression-era bank robbers. Like the previous Bonnie and Clyde flicks, too much time is spent on plot; therefore the gargeous female cast spends too much time with their clothes on. Between sleep-inducing soliloquies, Tara Monroe takes a barrage of ball-butter on her bum-cakes from Steven St. Croix and Jon Dough; Derrick Lane's long, thick dick dives deep down Isis Nile's undulating gullet; Monroe makes out with Nicole London as a warm up for St. Croix sticking it up her bowels; Dyanna Lauren nearly drowns in a Doughlaunched cum-gusher; the ravishing, devastatingly beautiful Racquel Darrian packs a long, pearl necklace into a place that most women reserve for tampons; later, Darrian delves divinely sapphic into the slits of Monroe and the ever-alluring Asia Carrera. The sex in Secrets sounds better on paper than it plays on the screen; wasting such a game group of groin-tusslers on weak, washed-out material is Bonnie and Clyde's one true crime.

—S. H.



Secrets: Not much to talk about.





Fortune Nookie: Asian ginch needs your groin!

# Wanna Be in a Dirty Movie? ANNABEL CHONG DELIVERS!

What video-watching meat-puller hasn't wished he could join in the onscreen raunch?

With that in mind, director John T. Bone and rising starlet Annabel Chong offer hand-humpers everywhere the load-launching opportunity of a lifetime.

"I love sex," the nubile Chong, 22, explains, "but I hate having to deal with my partners afterward. That's why porn is the perfect job for me. When John came to me with this new idea, I nearly flipped!"

Mr. Bone's flipping idea was to cast Chong as the centerpiece of a recordrupturing segment of his *Depraved* Fantasies series.

"I cannot wait!" energetic Annabel exclaims. "I get to be in a 300-man gang-bang—wow!"

Annabel Chong needs a few good men—a hundred for each hole, to be exact—who meet the simple requirements of being "fit, healthy and willing to practice safe-sex on camera" while slipping meat into her every dainty, yellow part.

"To every guy out there who ever wanted to fuck in a porn film," the Britborn Bone declares, "this is your big chance. All you need is a dick and a toga. We also encourage you to bring your own fluffer—that is, a chick who'll keep you hard between shots."

The rest, presumably, will be handled by the remarkably ambitious Annabel Chong.

Interested parties can audition by mail. Write to: Annabel Chong/G.B., c/o Fantastic Pictures, 215208 Osbourne, Canoga Park, CA 91304.

# POTION 69

Half Erect. Directed by Nic Cream; starring Shelby Stevens, Wednesday, Stephanie Duvalle, Whitney Banks, Jessie James, Traci Prince, Devon Shire, Dick Nasty, Ian Daniels, Jonathan Morgan and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: VCA.

In Love Potion 69, Ron Jeremy plays a brilliant scientist who concocts an aphrodisiac so powerful that women actually fall for his hairy-backed fatboy foulness. Before a pair of nubile unfortunates earn their porn paycheck the hardest way by hopping into bed with the Hedgehog, Dick Nasty nails Stephanie Duvalle and pierced-tongue Wednesday on a kitchen table; Jonathan Morgan slams meaty-butt Whitney Banks; Traci Prince prompts forth a load from Nasty's 'nads; and Shelby Stevens bends over a backyard fence while lan Daniels does her dog-style. Love Potion 69 is an agreeable erotic elixir, but certainly no miracle cure for victims of quality porn deprivation.

—S. H.



Potion 69: Nasty puts peter to nubile Prince.

# **~**`

# PAGING BETTY

**Half Erect.** Directed by Jim Enright; starring Selina St. Claire, Jasper, Leena, Bridgette Aime, Chante, Ona Zee, Jonathan Morgan, Buck Adams, Steve Austin, Steven St. Croix, Sean Ryder and E. Z. Ryder. Videocassette: VCA.

Elegant Bridgette Airne goes poking around her parents' attic in *Paging Betty*, thus setting up a flashback-heavy plot device. Airne discovers that one of her ancestors was a legendary post-WWII pin-up girl well-known for her raven-black, bobbed hair and naturally voluptuous glamour. When this cutie-pie character turns out to be played by fake-boobed, wig-wearing Selina St. Claire, all believability is sapped from *Paging Betty*, and likewise, from strokers' yank-sticks. Jug-assed Jasper treats Jonathan Morgan to a taste of her tush; Buck Adams dick-dives deep into Chante's diddle-box; Steven St. Croix creams on Jasper's jugular; Jasper comes back again to snack on St. Claire's squack, which is then serviced by the steely rod of Sean Ryder. Aside from the tasty presence of heavy-jiggling Jasper, *Paging Betty* pretty much bites.

—S. H.



Paging Betty: Plugging Jasper.

# Dark Wave, New Hook

Loony-bird porn-maestro Greg Dark returns to his art-mutant New Wave Hookers series for a fourth time this fall, bringing with him a bevy of rookie porn-ginches, a brilliant script, and a re-energized, though reliably demented, perspective.

"Aside from really hot girls, porn should be about stuff nobody ever really gets to see in real life," the saturnine sleaze-auteur opines. "You know: wild action, bizarre philosophy. I think my movies might be getting too weird."

Narrated by a megalomaniacal midget, New Wave Hookers 4

features Asia Carrera schtupping seal-men atop a giant block of ice, scary tarantulas, double ass-fucking circus clowns, Mexican gang members coming to peace with an Arab sheik over a piece of ass, and a uniformly gorgeous array of fresh female talent—13 starlets in all—parading through nine scenes of multipartner anal sex.

New Wave Hookers 4 is scheduled for release in early 1995.

Watch for a suitably off-the-wall profile of director Dark in the
February '95 HUSTLR EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

—SELWYN HARRIS

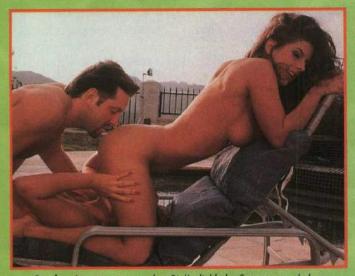






Sodomania: Havin' a good stroke, wish I was there.

Darker Side: Monroe and muff-rest.



Starlet: Armstrong approaches Dial's dinkhole; Sparxxx sups below.

# SODOMANIA 8

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Patrick Collins; starring Danyel Cheeks, Janey Lamb, Stephanie Hart-Rodgers, Roxanne Hall, Brittania, Domino, Dale Davis, Joey Silvera, Alberto Ray, Steve Thorpe and Roscoe Bowltree. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Strokers have come to count on Patrick Collins's Sodomania series for its salaciously bent tales of moaning and boning. This eighth installment delivers as usual, though Collins's signature oddball flair overpowers the erotic content of some segments. Case in point: No one ever needs to see Joey Silvera done up in full baby-doll garb, a not-so-pretty picture that's served up in Sodomania 8's opening sequence. Cross-dressed Silvera further short-circuits the delectable shock of seeing Danyel Cheeks empty her bladder in plain view of the camera (for real!). From there, Cheeks joins Brit ginch Janey Lamb in a foot-fuck festival also featuring Steve Thorpe and Roscoe Bowltree; Stephanie Hart-Rodgers arousingly strips for a pecker-pulling peeper; Brittania's butt makes a nice sheath for Alberto Ray's fun-saber; Cheeks and Brittania lap labes with Domino and Dale Davis in what would be an exquisite lesbian foray if the participants weren't painted in clown makeup; and Roxanne Hall puts razor to pubes and shaves all in wait for Thorpe's dork. Better than the bulk of its carnal competition, but Sodomania 8 is less than great.

—S. H.

# DARKER SIDE

**Half Erect.** Directed by Jonathan Morgan; starring Leena, Tami Monroe, Nicole London, D. J. Alden, Amanda Rae, Steven St. Croix, Jay Ashley and Alex Sanders. Videocassette: Hollywood Video.

In another small step toward being eulogized as the Meryl Streep of sleaze, strenuously serious actress and blue-screen slut Leena portrays two separate, wholly disparate and primarily desperate characters in *The Darker Side*, except at flick's end they turn out to be the same histrionic, rabidly realized person. Steven St. Croix, as Leena's bastard husband, overdoes for male characterization what Leena overdoes for female. The sex, in most spots, is performed with similarly exaggerated passion, but somehow, at the juncture of semen splash and eyeliner smear, excessive emoting works well in the realm of fucking. As a doppelganger, Leena sucks Alex Sanders's dangler, jerking his jizz onto her physiognomy; teams with another pussy to tag-trollop St. Croix; and brings in two blondes who labially bond with Steven. *The Darker Side* is just a little too light to make it through an entire night.

# STARLET

**Half Erect.** Directed by Bud Lee; starring Nikki Dial, P. J. Sparxxx, Kaitlyn Ashley, Tianna Taylor, Dyanna Lauren, Brad Armstrong, Tony Tedeschi and Jay Ashley. Videocassette: Vivid Film.

It may be time to stop singing hosannas to the return of modern porn's most beautiful fuck-pastry, Nikki Dial. Dial remains drop-dead gorgeous in *Starlet*, but her humpvigor is waning, a status not improved by her "no-wrapper-no-clapper" condom clause. *Starlet*'s numskulled plot pits crack reporter Nikki in search of dirt on a mysteriously reclusive actress named Nicole Knight (P. J. Sparxxx). As the tale unravels, Tony Tedeschi sports a distractingly hideous haircut while he pumps and pops off on Dial's natural D-cup wonder-jugs; Kaitlyn Ashley opens wide for a Jay Ashley ass-dicking; and sexy trailer-twat Tiana Taylor tastes Sparxxx in her tangiest of places. The conclusory poolside poke-pile involving Dial, Sparxxx and Brad Armstrong is solid bone-fodder, but *Starlet* may sadly signal the dimming of Nikki Dial, current XXX's brightest light.



# TRAILER TRASH

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Steve Drake and Kathy Mack; starring Tiffany Mynx, Nikki Sinn, Sally Layd, Nikki Shane, Steve Drake, Jake Williams and Tony Tedeschi, Videocassette: VCA

A lot of guys who ride Harley-Davidsons also love porn, and *Trailer Trash* is a good way to indulge both interests at the same time. Steve Drake stars as a moping biker wheeling his Milwaukee iron through a world of cracker twats who don't flinch from either a shot of semen or a gurgling burp in the face. *Trash*'s actors maintain their retard podunk drawls admirably well, with Tiffany Mynx delivering the two best lines: "I don't even have a dog, and if I did, I'd probably let him lick me too." Later, after she's forced to fuck and run, sneaking out Drake's back door: "I been doing it since I was 12." A giant-jugged blonde is plugged while balanced atop a Harley; Tony Tedeschi puts out his cigarette to roll into a 69; a li'l cracker blonde pulls a grease monkey out from under a tractor by his dick. All the fuckers seem to be having fun doing it, and the camera catches their good-time slime. *Trailer Trash* is pretty good garbage for the groin. —C. S.



# **PRIVATE REQUEST**

**Half Erect.** Directed by Inda Pink; starring Bionca Trump, Gabrille, Liz, Rebecca, C. J. Bennette, Kim Chambers, Tony Martino and Steven St. Croix. Videocassette: Glitz Maximum.

Its box copy boasts that *Private Request* is an "interactive videoplay," but don't expect some kind of virtual ROM reamer reality. The "interactivity" of this Glitz Maximum video gimmickry is confined to a pair of smarmy palookas reading supposed letters from supposed viewers requesting supposed fantasies, which then leads into stock fuck clips of varying competency and intensity. Two dykes plowing at one another on a couch open the festivities uneventfully. A two-couple fourway is a gripping exercise in swapping cocksuckers, competitive deepthroating, soul-deep tongue twisting, prolonged doggy pumping and the somewhat alarming contactions of a succulent wanton approximating orgasm. Next up, a hungry hole with veiny fake tits grinds and flops through a credible cock slam, although she seems to get distracted here and there. An inexpertly lit, two-chick, one-dick triple lay closes the interactivity. The public asks that *Private Request* puts a bit more into it next time. —*C. S.* 



Trailer Trash: Drake puts it to Sally's tailpipe.

# STROKER'S GUIDE

A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



# FULLY ERECT Superior, A top production.

Buttman's British Big Tit Adventure (Evil Angel)

Nita, Anjelica, John Stagliano

Pussyman 5: Captive Audience (Snatch Productions)

Leena, Lacey Rose, Tony Martino

Sodomania 7 (Elegant Angel)

Tianna, Tammi Ann, Joey Silvera



# THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material.

Bachelor Party 2 (Fantastic Pictures)

Sydney, Maeva, Blake Palmer

# Backdoor to the City of Sin (Anabolic)

Tiffany Mynx, Christina Dior, Rocco Siffredi Blinded by Love

(Odyssey Group)

Leena, Debi Diamond, Terry Thomas

Butt Banged Bicycle Babes (Anabolic)

Misty Rain, Draghixa, Guy DeSilva

Doggiestyle (Caballero)

Bridgette Aime, Debi Diamond,

Steven St. Croix

**Nurse Tails (VCA)** 

Tiffany Mynx, Angel Ash, Tom Byron

Streets of New York (Pleasure Productions)

Carolyn Anderson, Jessica Fox, Rick Savage



# HALF ERECT

Standard fare, Has moments.

The Analizer (Vidco)

Bionco, Teri Diver, T. T. Boy

Hardcore (Vivid Film)

Nikki Dial, Dyanna Lauren, Nick East

Hootermania (VCA)

Crystal Wilder, Danyel Cheeks, Ron Jeremy

Leena Is Nasty (Odyssey Group)

> Leena, Chayse Manhattan, Derek Taylor

Strap-On Sally 2 (Pleasure Productions)

> Ariana, Sinammon, Maria Moore



# ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

Dial A for Anal (Caballerro)

Christina Angel, Beatrice Valle, Marc Wallice

Use It or Lose It (Caballerro)

VixXxen, Lynn LeMay, Jonathan Morgan



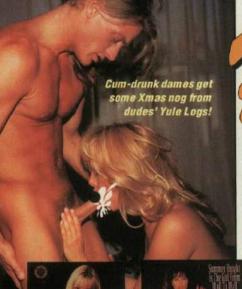
# TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

High Heel Harlots (Silver Foxx)

> Veronica Rio, Tina Target, Zen Buckaroo

Margarita on the Rocks (Silver Foxx)

Traci Prince, Chelsea Ann, Jack Mann



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BEHIND

Brittany O'Connell, Nikki Shane,

Diva, Heather Lee and more!
She wants her bunghole boffed! Every hot hole is plugged with cock! Endless anal slamming, endless jizz-jolting action! Approx. 82 min.

# 2. THE ANAL ADVENTURES OF THE BUTT SISTERS P.J. Sparxx, Deborah Wells, Crystal

Wilder, Rebecca Bardot and more!

An all-twat band gets a mean beat from throbbing manmeat! They suck, fuck and twist their butts! Rock on!

Approx 83 min.

# 3. THE BUTT SISTERS DO L.A. P. J. Sparxx, Debi Diamond, Dianna Lauren, Cici and The Beavers and more!

They hit L.A. and it hit back! Huge dicks, nut-draining blow-jobs and deep doggie-style butt blasting is in style. Approx. 79 min.

# 4. BEHIND THE BLACK DOOR, vol. 1

A host of hot, shameless amateurs!

Bodacious ebony babes offer up the sweetest meat-ass that is! The finest ride is the wildest ride! Get up on it! Get off on it! Approx. 85 min.

# 5. TAKE THE A TRAIN

Shayla Levoux and others!
The pussy pulsates to the rocking rail cars! It's a midnight ride to 'Cabooseland'!
These chicks haul ass! Approx. 83 min.



all! Approx. 78 min.

Savannah, Brittany O'Connell, Nikki Shane. Rebbeca Wilde, Diva, Victoria Gold and more! Hustling harlots with tight, wet pockets lick the balls and make amazing shots-cum shots! Chalk up and sink em'

### 7. FIRM

Summer Knight, Venus, Blonca, Mona Lisa, Gall Force, Sharon Kane and more!

Wall Streetwalkers turn tight pussy into gold... and the men make the deposits! The D.J. takes a B.J. tonight! Approx. 83 min.

### A. SPARXX

P.J. Sparxx, Deborah Welles, Nicole London, Crystal Wilder, Nikki Sinn and morel

Six lucious ladies lez it up in a wall-to-wall parade of cunt-cramming, clit-licking lust! An all-girl gash-mash! Approx. 81 min.

# 9. HONEY, I BLEW EVERYBODY

Tiffany Mynx, Melanie Moore, Heather Lee, Chaz Vincent, Brandy Alexander, Janet Jacme and more! Tiffany and Co. pull their moist lips over spunk-spurting cock... and want more! They want hot wads blowing down their throats! Yow! Approx. 80 min.

### 10. BOOMERWANG

Persia, Toy, Janet Jacme, Cheyenne and more! Some sisters get the juice from hard-dicked boyz! The night was made for booty bumping and cream-slick pussyl Approx. 80 min.

# 11. THE FIRST TABOO

Carol Cummings, and other chicks!

The brothers get a bushel of white cunt in this one! The dark stalks on these studs do deep duty on the pale pootang! Approx. 90 min.

# 12. 2 HUNG 2 TUNG

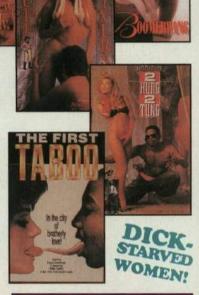
Tracy Winn, Tanja Rivers, Marissa Malibu, Lynn Lemay and more!

A hip-hoppin', zipper droppin' pussy party! Jam with dark dudes filling Casper cooze with soulful spunk! Huh-huh! Approx. 84 min.

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Approx. 81 min.



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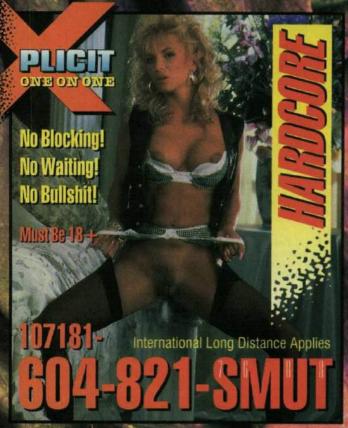
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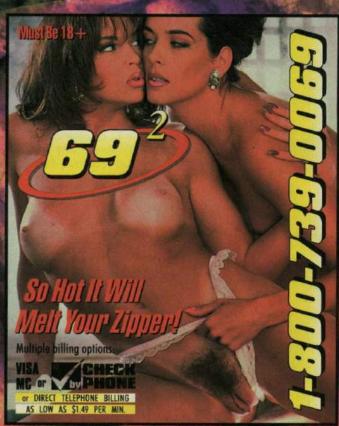
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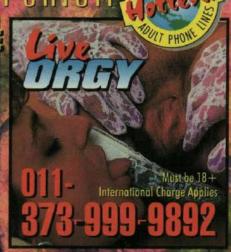
Rush the above order form to:

















# FEEDBACK

(continued from page 15)

gets me off, but her perfect titties and -M. C. pussy too!

Longmont, Colorado

I'm writing in reference to a pictorial in HUSTLER's June 1994 issue. The title was Black Tail, White Rail, and the model's name was Amber (Amber and Adonis: Black Tail, White Rail, June '94). Amber is the most ball-bursting black babe I've ever laid eyes on. That may surprise you, coming from a white man living in the Deep South, but it's true. I'm a slave for Amber!

New Orleans, Louisiana

# **One Stroke Short**

In HUSTLER's October 1994 issue, I noticed the feature called The Stroker's Dozen (The Stroker's Dozen: HUSTLER Picks Porn's All-Time Finest Fuckers. October '94). Tribute was paid to Ginger Lynn, Seka, Nikki Dial, Annette Haven, Amber Lynn, Traci Lords, Vanessa Del Rio, Barbara Dare, Lisa Deleeuw, Desiree Cousteau, Shauna Grant, Christy Canyon. You even gave honorable mention to Jamie Gillis. But either you are very stupid or you overlooked Debi Diamond. She was called Kaviar in 1983 and then Shelly Ray in such classics as All American Girls in Heat and Bad Girls III. Pull yourself together, HUSTLER. Debi Diamond is still going strong today. -J. M. Los Angeles, California

**Open For Suggestions** 

I know this may sound on the strange side of life. But I'm really serious about this. Right now, I'll do anything for money. I need to know what HUSTLER Magazine is looking for in a model. You see, I'm in a dead-end, part-time job and just barely making it.

I'm looking for something fun, new and exciting-and also some fast cash! You probably get a lot of strange letters and requests. But I'm really desperate. I've never modeled before, but I've been interested in modeling in the nude. I enjoy sucking dick, fucking in strange positions and different places. Some of my hobbies are race cars, blowjobs, fucking and collecting pictures of beautiful women and pleasing my husband. I also enjoy reading slutty magazines. I don't have any decent nude pictures of me. I'm still working on it. Taking my clothes off doesn't bother me. Sometimes I'm a little shy. All a photographer has to do is make me feel comfortable, and I'm all his. Do you have any suggestions? I'm serious about this. Tacoma, Washington

S. D., HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt is where photogenic ladies from all across America earn an honest dollar by expressing the wild side of domestic living. A clear photo that reveals your desperate beauty could earn you \$250 and a shot at Beaver Hunt's Grand Prize Competition-\$5,000 and a professionally photographed HUSTLER layout. Turn to page 125 for entry details!

# Strong Language

those sexy little tits swell

1-800-976-3377

as you plunge throbbing

twat from behind

Call suckable Sara

beautiful things

and make

This is for all the bitchy, little faggots that

are always writing their lame-ass, cunty complaints in Feedback every month. I don't know about everyone else, but I'm fucking sick of this shit. You fucking faggots should go back to whacking off to Reader's Digest and leave HUSTLER Magazine to the real men. -Keith

Phoenix, Arizona

playmate. Tongue

my supple thighs,

lick my downy

pubes, kiss me

velvet glory!

1-800-718-8844

where no boy has

ever been. Eat my

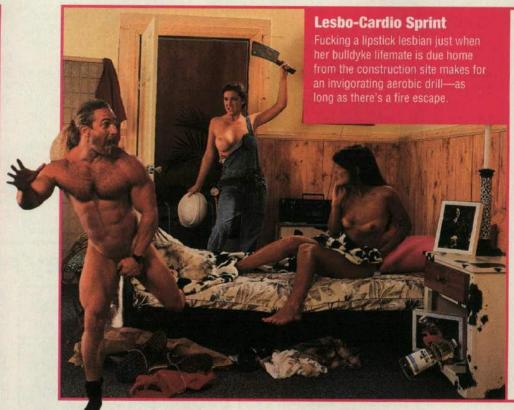
visa/mc or

direct-toll free

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered



The beginning of a new year traditionally is a time of pledging to do a little better in the months to come. Problem is, most resolutions are forgotten by January 2. **HUSTLER**, however, is here to help. We may not be able to stop irresolute selfimprovers from smoking cigarettes or flashing at NOW rallies, but we've found ways to shed excess flab with a workout regimen every man can live with. Put down those dumbbells and muscle up with...



# HUSTLER's Exercise



Muscles used: Femur group, gastrocnemius and cardiovascular system.

Calories burned: 150 if mad dyke holds a hammer, 15,000 if she wields a hatchet.



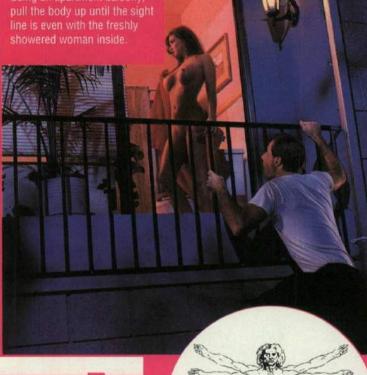
Muscles used: Trapezius, biceps and pectoral group.

Calories burned: 50 for first-floor apartment, 500 for second story and 5,000 for third story. (Dizziness and death may result at higher levels.)

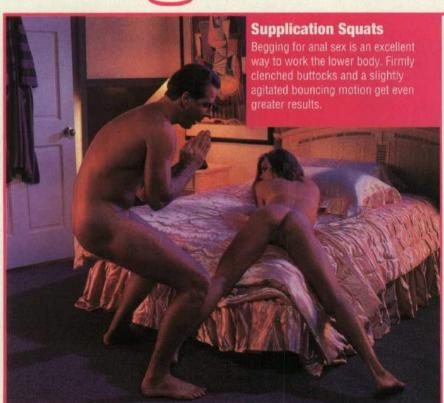


# **Peeping Pull-ups**

line is even with the freshly showered woman inside.



# New Year' ogram



Muscles used: Vastus externus, semitendinosus and gluteus maximus.

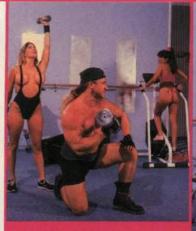
Calories burned: 200; 2,000 if she gives in.



Muscles used: Platysma trapezius group.

Calories burned: During coed hours, 250. At any other time, 0.

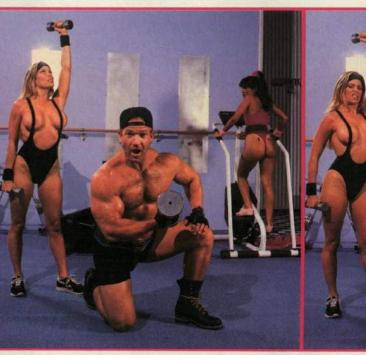


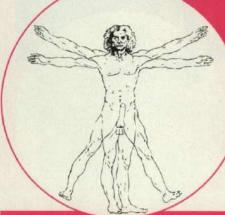


# **Linda Blair Head Twist**

machines that adequately work the

his natural surroundings for quality sterno-mastoid conditioning

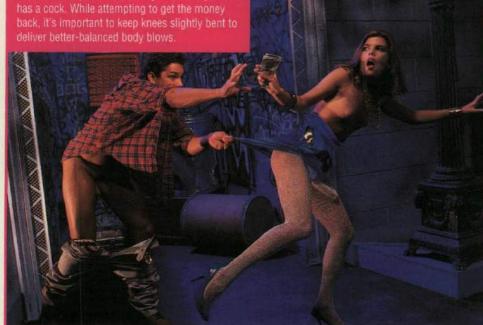




# HUSTLER's Exercise



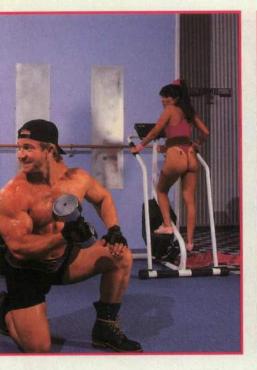
back, it's important to keep knees slightly bent to deliver better-balanced body blows.

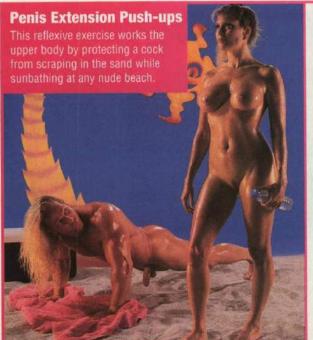


Muscles used: Triceps, femur and gastrocnemius.

Calories burned: If blowiob has vet to transpire, 650. If the she-male has already swallowed, 65,000.







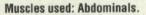
Muscles used: Biceps, triceps and penis.

Calories burned: Before whacking off in the bathroom,



# New Year's Program





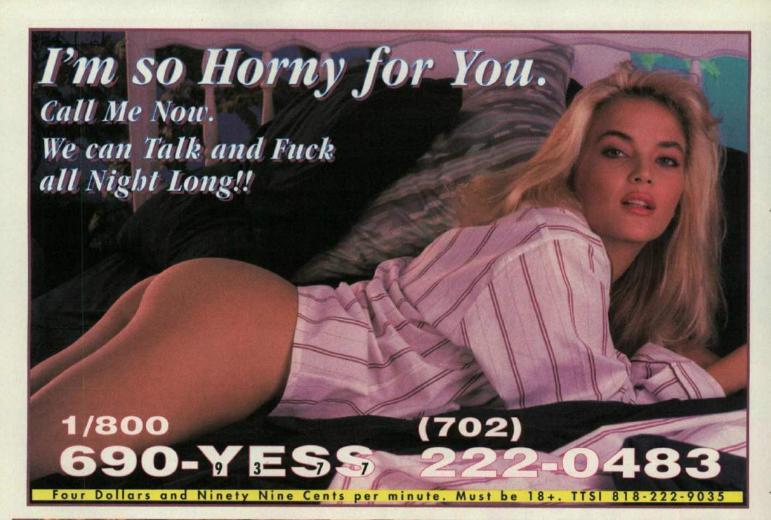
Calories burned: 400 before the fourth quarter, 800 after the two-minute warning and 8,000 during overtime.



# **Super Bowl** Sit-ups

a frigid girlfriend turns tunes in the game of the year. Bracing the arms him to watch the action, get off and trim that gut









I'm always reading in HUSTLER about how men go to extraordinary, even devious, lengths to cajole women into offering up their assholes for a plug, as if women are repelled by the notion of buttfucking. But we aren't! I am always shoving things in my bottom, and I know this is not just a quirk of mine. It's been scientifically proven that a big, healthy, non-clinging shit massages the rectum in such a way as to be mildly orgasmic; so it makes sense that something going in the opposite direction will have a similar effect—or an even better one because of the relative lack of stink.

**BROWNEYE GIRL** 

Unfortunately, in my experience with men, I have always had to propose any sodomy sessions. Never has a man broached the subject—not even this English guy I dated briefly. Of course, when I bring it up with a guy I am seeing, he is very much excited by the idea, but once his cock is in my pooper, he panics. The least little fartlike sound caused by an air pocket throws him off, and he retreats to the familiar sanctuary of my pussy.

I had just about given up on the prospect of ever getting a real ass-wringing, when a new guy came to work at my office. Eric had many fine attributes—he was tall and trim, with dark hair and long, spidery fingers—but his most compelling feature was that he was constantly staring at my bum. My booty is quite firm and shapely, and accustomed to the attentions of many men, but the rest of me is not chopped liver. Eric's one-track ogling indicated that something akin to a fetish dwelled behind his lovely blue eyes. I had high hopes for a butt-filled evening when he asked me out to dinner.

In preparation for our date, I bought a clingy, Lycra mini-dress that rode high even my teeniest, most delicate, satin step-ins created an unsightly panty line. I ditched the undies, wanting nothing to break up the smooth expanse of my derriere stretching the man-made supermaterial to its absolute limit. Before leaving the house, I crossed my fingers, took a dump and cleaned my butthole with soap and water. Dinner was pleasant enough-I pretended to go to the bathroom twice, and sure enough, Eric's eyes were glued to my waggling tail each time I sauntered across the room—but I was impatient to move on to the main event. During dessert, I stuck my steel-tipped toe into Eric's crotch under the table to signal that I wanted to continue our date in a more intimate environment.

We went to his apartment, where I jammed my tongue down his throat as soon as we were in the door. Of course, he latched onto my ass immediately, squeezing and kneading it as if it were bread dough.

"I want to lay my head between those



cheeks and sleep forever," he breathed in my ear.

ER

"You'd better do more than sleep there," I admonished.

Eric removed his hands from my buns, which were tingling like mad.

"You mean you want me to fuck you in the behind on the first date?" he squeaked.

Great, I thought. Another ass-teaser.

He grasped my hand excitedly and led me into his bedroom. There he threw open a cabinet, revealing an arsenal of rubber gloves, butt plugs, anal beads, enema bags—all the accoutrements of back-door loving.

"I usually wait until the second date to open this cabinet," he admitted, "and there never is a third date."

A real, live ass man! I got on all fours on the bed and lifted my dress with confidence, knowing Eric would find no cottage cheese. A shiver of expectation ran through me.

"My heinie is yours," I declared.

Eric threw himself at my bottom and bit it all over—little, tickly nibbles at first, then great, skin-breaking chomps that I knew would leave ripe, red teeth marks, providing excellent masturbation fodder in the days to come. Taking a cheek in each hand, he gently parted them and pressed his tongue against my knothole, sending delicate ripples in a widening circle over my backside. He slowly licked each sphincter crinkle separately, as if he were licking jimmies off the top of an ice cream cone one by one, savoring them; the sensation was excruciating. I reached down for his still-clothed cock.

"I want that in my ass," I begged.
"Please fuck my ass."

"Not yet," Eric answered. "I'm still hungry."

His tongue twirled around my brown button, then worked in and out, slurping noisily. An electric current crackled up my spine, and my fingers curled around the sheets

"Give me something bigger," I cried.

Eric stuck one, then two fingers in my chute, poking and exploring the shape of my rectum.

"Your asshole is so giving," he noted. "I think you'll be able to fit...this." He pulled his pants down, and out sprang a raging, red cock, medium in length, but fat as a fist—which is what counts, as every buggery-loving girl knows.

As Eric gently eased his prick into the forbidden love hole, my shit ring stretched and snapped around his rod like a rubber band. I knew that the sudden (continued on page 35)

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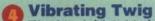
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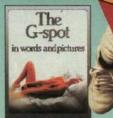
Hit her hidden orgasmic trigger! This generous 8 1/2\* long, 1 3/4" thick vibe combines a specially curved latex shaft for dynamite G-Spot stimulation plus veined texturing and studded love collar at the base for clitoral thrills. Multi-speed vibrations

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7" long latex shaft that rotates for vaginal ecstasy as vibrating "thumb" dances on your clitoris.

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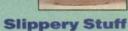
Discover positions to hit her ultimate

erotic hot spot. The G-Spot orgasm

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# you can't help but look



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# HUSTLER's 21-Butt Salute

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Götterdämmerbung



Bottom Up



Magic Tush



**Butt Seriously** 



Smart Ass



Little Bugger



Glamorous Gluteus

# HOT LETTERS

(continued from page 31)

Squatting over me, her knees splayed, she speared her sopping cunt on my tool and drew her body up and down, her vaginal muscles clamping around my rigid member like a barnacle.

urge to move my bowels was illusory; I just relaxed and allowed his thick prong to settle into the soft tissues of my rectum. Eric dug his fingers into my hips as he slammed my butt, pulling me back harder and harder onto the full length of his cock. The friction against my sphincters became licking flames. I came howling wildly, falling onto my elbows. As I did, Eric's dick popped out, still raring to go.

"Do you want me in your ass again," he asked, pulling on his pole, "or should I switch over to your pussy?"

"Both, do both," I panted, one hand rubbing my aching butt, the other pinch-

ing my slippery clit.

Eric hurried into the bathroom and washed my rectum sheen off his cock with soap and water. When he returned, he pulled me back up on my hands and knees and inserted his shining shaft into my slit from behind, pumping slowly as my vag juices trickled down my thighs. Seconds after, I felt a long, wide object enter my bunghole, twisting and turning its way deeper into my bowels, until I thought my flesh would tear. I looked around and saw that Eric had penetrated my pooper with the business end of a fungo bat and was busily rolling the handle between his palms, as if he were churning butter. At the same time, he kept up a steady rhythm in my pussy with his tireless pecker. The double-pounding set off flares in my head, blinding me to any sensation but the swelling heat concentrated between my waist and thighs. I was vaguely aware of a sudden empty feeling in my cunt, but I was busy trying to wrap my lips around the words, "Will you marry me?" The next thing I knew, a gooev missile flew through the air and landed right in my hair.

"Ewwwwwww!" I shrieked angrily. "You asshole!" I pulled my dress down and stormed out of his apartment.

Now I spend all day at work avoiding Eric's pleading looks. I'm sure I won't find another man with his reaming capabilities, but I'm sorry: There is nothing ruder than a guy who can't control his -M. J. own splooge.

Butte, Montana

# **CUBAN PISS CRISIS**

A few months ago, when Fidel Castro allowed Cuban citizens to flee the country, I was one of the first to grab for the brass ring of freedom in the United States of America. As a science teacher, I had long

before grown disillusioned with the revolution, which dictated what I must teach and allowed for no intellectual freedom. Now, in America, I am free to enjoy reading material such as HUSTLER. I thought perhaps HUSTLER's readers might be interested in a very hot story that happened to me during my journey, and at the same time learn a valuable lesson.

Back in August, my brother, Reynoldo, and I slung several inner tubes together to make a raft to sail to Florida. We were quite upbeat when we set off, but less so after floating aimlessly for two days, the hot sun beating down on our heads. When we ran out of food and drinking water on the third morning, with no land in sight, we despaired. Fortunately, I had read of Indian tribes who drink their own urine for strength, and at my suggestion, we stored our piss in the empty water bottles and sipped from them throughout the day. Aside from the slightly bitter taste, the pee at first had no adverse effect, but by late afternoon Revnoldo was behaving strangely. Several times, he yelled that he had spotted land and pointed at it excitedly, but when I turned to look, he was pointing at only the air. Finally, Reynoldo said, "This is taking too long. I'm going to ride my horse to Miami." Before I could stop him, he stepped off the raft and plunged into the sea. I sat powerless as Reynoldo's "horse," its fin poking up among the waves, swam toward him, snapped him up and pulled him under.

A cry for help from the other side of the boat jolted me out of my shocked state. Was Reynoldo still alive? I peered over the edge and saw a girl about to go under. I quickly fished her out of the water. She was very beautiful, with golden hair and cremosa skin, and she was nude. My penis leaped in my pants.

We were fishing off of Key West, and our boat capsized," gasped the girl, her ample chest heaving. "You saved my life. My name is Stacy. How can I repay you?"

In answer, I reached for a breast. Clutching at the warm, wet flesh, I pulled a pink nipple to my lips and greedily sucked it. My mouth filled with a sweet, thick liquid. I looked up at her, surprised.

"That's right," Stacy murmured, petting my aching head, "drink up. You

need your strength."

I suckled until I was full. My cock meanwhile pressed urgently against my ragged, sun-bleached pants. Stacy read my thoughts and reached down to rub my bulge through the coarse material.

"Okay, captain," she declared, "let's see your submarine."

# WHAT WE DO WHEN WE'RE ALONE







# LETTERS

Releasing my throbbing prick, she took it in her hand, peeled the foreskin back and ran her cool, nimble fingers up and down my quivering rod, cupping my distended testiculos in her other hand.

"There's no missile crisis here!" she announced.

Pushing me onto my back, Stacy took my swollen mushroom cap into her mouth and gently bit down around the rim, at the same time inserting her tongue

deep into my peehole.

"Madre de Dios!" I cried. Ashamed, I bit on my knuckles to stifle any further outbursts. My wife had never performed fellatio like this. In fact, she had only done it once, after I had gotten her very drunk, and she had lost her dinner on my crotch.

My exclamation merely spurred Stacy on. With her elastic mouth, she engulfed my chorizo until her lips brushed against my pubic hair and the tip of my dick tickled her uvula. Grabbing my hips for support, she drew back, then rammed her head back down on my pole again and again. With each impalement, the skin of my prick grew tighter, but before it could burst, Stacy eased her mouth back up to my cock head and inched her body around until her dewdrop-laced bush was in my face. Disregarding the fishy smell-she had, after all, just come from the sea-I wrapped my lips around her pussy as if to swallow it whole, but I abruptly backed off, gagging on the sharp, metallic taste.

"I hope you don't mind," cooed Stacy, "but I have my period, and all my tampons went down with the sailboat.'

How could I mind? I would gratefully drink or eat any substance this blond Venus had to secrete. I dove back into her steaming snatch and lapped at her menstrual flow as if it were coffee, while she continued to pull on my cock with her suction-cup lips. After we had eaten our fill in las sesenta y nueve, Stacy again took charge. Squatting over me, her knees splayed, she speared her sopping cunt on my tool and drew her body up and down, her vaginal muscles clamping around my rigid member like a barnacle. She twisted a nipple with one hand and fingered her clit with the other as she furiously pogo-danced on my dick, rocking the fragile craft and sending waves crashing. Finally, her neck snapped back and she howled out an orgasm.

"I can't believe you haven't come after all that," Stacy panted, feeling that my stiff prick still filled her hole. "You must be some sort of Superman."

Smiling, I lifted her up and fit her ass into one of the inner tubes, took an ankle

in each hand, and spread her legs wide. I charged into her gaping pussy mouth, my thrusts beating out a frenetic conga rhythm. Visions of a life in America with my rich, blond, Yanqui girlfriend, having continuous sex, danced in my head. I could hold out no longer.

"Open your mouth," I demanded. "I want you to sample a delicacy of my

country."

I shot a serving of flan at her face, and Stacy flicked her tongue out like a frog, catching the glob and gulping it down. We kissed and fell asleep, wrapped in each other's arms.

The next morning, I awoke to the

voices of the U.S. Coast Guard over a loudspeaker. In my arms was a bloody severed leg, which had begun to stink and fester under the boiling sun. I could see by a scar on the ankle that it had been Reynoldo's.

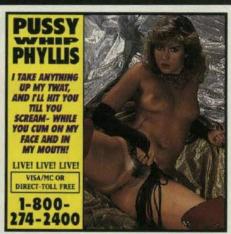
The medic told me later that Stacy had been a hallucination brought on by ingesting urine. So I am telling you, HUSTLER readers: Do not drink your pee! You will end up with a broken heart, as I did .- J. D.

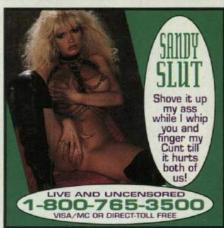
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# **HUSTLER's Appalling World**

Disney's America.

That's the name of a proposed history-themed fun park from the megacorporation that Mickey built.

Disney's America—complete with goofball rides, chintzy merchandise and pricey junk

slaughter. Not recommended for Sally Struthers.

food—is planned to open a scant five miles from the Manassas battlefield, scene of one of the Civil War's deadliest clashes, and well within a radius of 50 other battle sites from our nation's most soul-wrenching conflict.

Should the desecration of these

fatal grounds prove fruitful to Disney, HUSTLER suggests the Happiest Company on Earth set up high-profit, zero-taste amusement complexes the world over. This appalling planet is rife with exploitable boneyards.

And Disney is there.





## The Haunted Oven

Race with Jewish prisoners through the gas-fumed chase of a lifetime as meanie SS guards turn up the heat. Don't breathe too deep!





(Sung to the tune of It's a Small World)

It's a world of war and of tears we've cried It's a world of torture and genocide

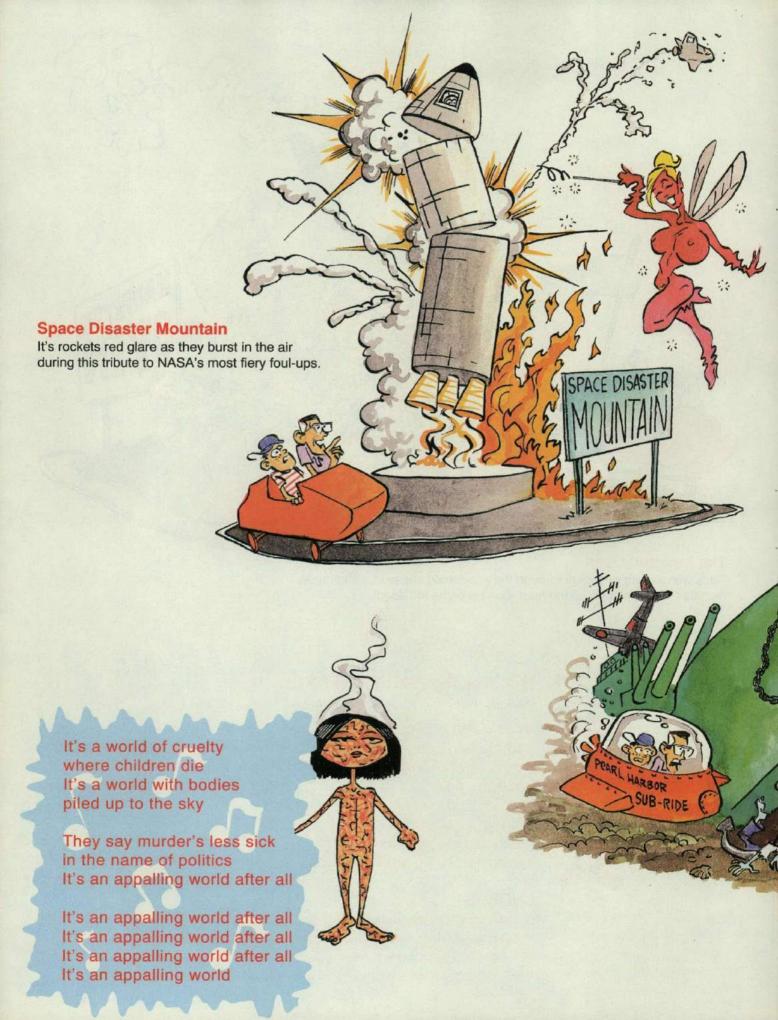
From starvation and floods down to terrorist thugs It's an appalling world after all

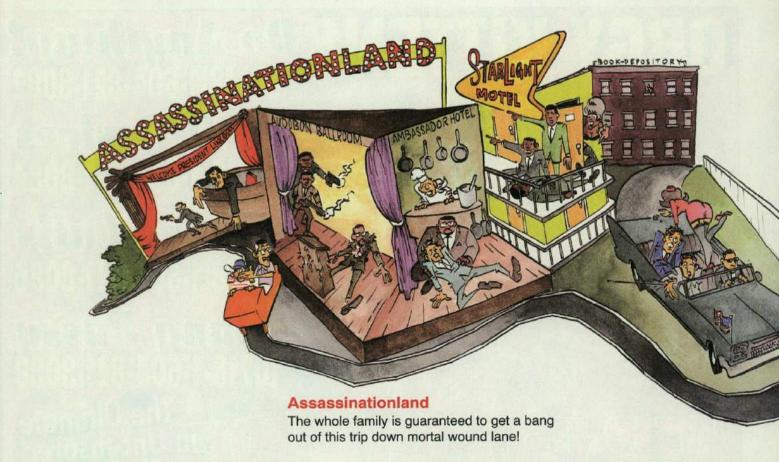
## CHORUS:

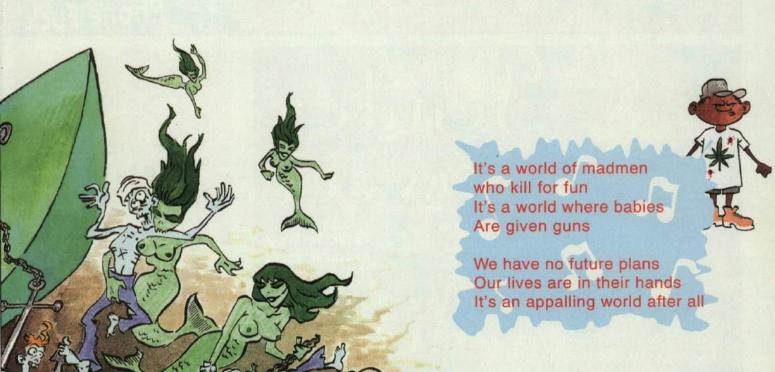
It's an appalling world after all It's an appalling world after all It's an appalling world after all It's an appalling world It's a world of hate and internment camps It's a world where hope doesn't stand a chance

You'll get raped
You'll get maimed
Then they'll say you're to blame
It's an appalling world after all

It's an appalling world after all It's an appalling world after all It's an appalling world after all It's an appalling world



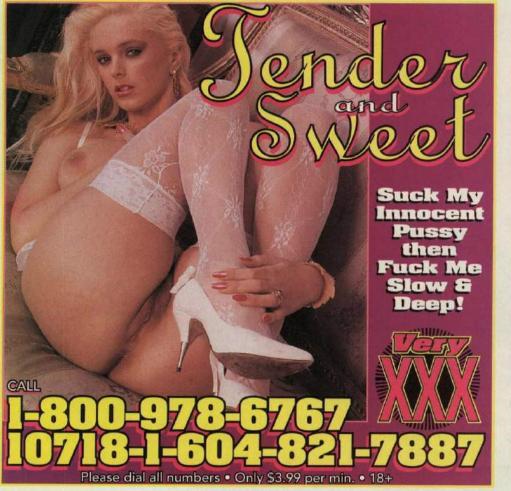


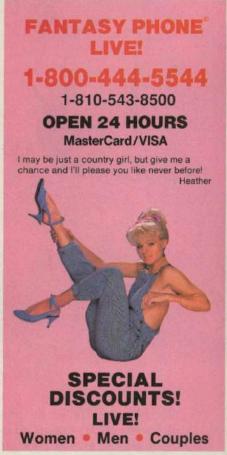


## **Pearl Harbor Submarine Ride**

Bombs away! Thrill to an undersea tour of the USS Arizona's watery grave. Up top, mounted machine guns allow players to blow Japs out of the sky before they dump death on America's fighting elite.







Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing ies is a beautiful experience.

Illustration by Christine Shields

# Beating Off on the Boss's Time WHAT TO MAKE OF MASTURBATION AT WORK

-by Mike McPadden-

August, 1985: Selwyn Harris can hardly believe his luck.

A teenager scrimping for college funds, Harris is stunned and stultified by the rigors of his summer employment. While his pals put in a few hours at gas pumps or fast-food joints (thus leaving their evenings free for adolescent frolic), Harris mans an elevator from four in the afternoon until midnight, six days a week. His drunken bastard of an Irish boss forbids the bored young man from reading, listening to a radio, engaging passengers in conversation or sitting down for the duration of his shift. All Harris is allowed to do is stand upright and sweat. Profusely

Except during bathroom breaks.

Twice a day, Harris rushes into the employees' washroom and whacks off like a madman. Masturbation is his only relief from the stand-at-attention regimen, as well as a necessary response to the array of iaw-dropping lovelies who utilize his button-pressing finesse. Sans jack-off privileges, Harris would be wholly unemployable.

One muggy afternoon, he renders himself just that.

A voluptuous young mother boards the elevator, baby in tow. She is dressed skimpily for the



drip-

pina nip

into the tiny

babe's mouth,

right there next to

him. Harris damn near

passes out. Reaching the floor requested by the milk-

ing madonna-with-child, he

rushes them out and shuts the doors in a hurry.

Seemingly safe and alone, Harris cuts the power to his moving cubicle and collapses on the floor. Meat in hand, he vividly prolongs that moment of leaking fleshorb. Mid-beat, he eyes a puddle next to him; It's an actual dollop of glistening tit-cream. Selwyn Harris can stand no more. Stroking maniacally, he makes a fresh mess of his own.

As Harris zips up, his on-board telephone rings. "Uh, Selwyn," the assistant supervisor, Mr. Vrusho, announces via the wire, "I gotta see you right away."

But wait...there's no way...how could they possibly ... ? Harris scrambles a frantic last mile to his juniorboss's office.

Vrusho greets the nervous operator before a bank of security monitors. "I quess you didn't know every elevator is equipped with a camera," the man intones. "At least I hope you didn't know. Anyway, I have to fire you. I will, however, grant you some dignity by erasing the last ten minutes of tape taken from your car."

Harris understands. He apologizes to Vrusho. They do not shake hands upon parting.

Selwyn Harris can hardly believe his luck.

"Wherever there are people, there's masturbation going on," states Dr. Susan Block, a Los Angeles-based sex therapist and syndicated talk-show host. "Since most of us are stuck at work the majority of the time, sex will naturally rear its many heads there; masturbation just happens to be one of them."

What leads to this behavior? Is there some anti-work ethic significance to a laborer locking fingers around his or her loins, or is mid-shift monkey-spanking simply a human reflex?

"People masturbate at work for the same reason they go to it anywhere else," according to Block.

Our natural sex-instincts tell us to do anything we want, whenever we feel like doing it. Societal conditioning prevents that, however.

The main motivating factors behind masturbation at work, I think, are horniness, boredom and rebellion-pretty much in that order."

There's also the matter of convenience.

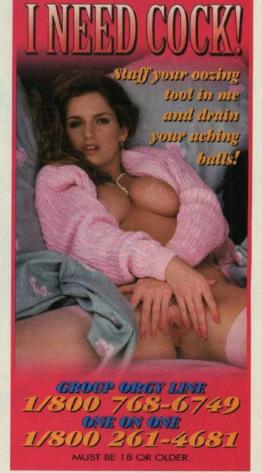
Underground publisher Lisa Carver recounts the clit-jiggling way she wiled away her stint behind the counter of a doughnut shop. "The machine they use to put jelly in the jelly doughnuts is this big, metal thing that vibrates like crazy," she recalls, "and it's right at crotch level. I loved that job, just for that reason. That's also why I love jelly doughnuts."

Richard Kern, a director of useful art films (i.e.-viewers can jerk off to them), echoes Carver's attitude, and confirms much of Block's theories. "I masturbate everywhere I go, all the time," he states. "In terms of on-thejob jerking off, I worked in a movie theater when I was

(continued on page 51)







From a double-dose of Buttman at his best to the return of unenhanced breasts, '94 was a year of hot shows and high promise for adult-video viewers.

The following fuck extravaganzas rank as HUSTLER's pick of

YEAR YANKING THE CHARLES BEST TO STREET TO STR

Porn Tapes of 1994

## **BACHELOR PARTY 2**

# Directed by John T. Bone (Fantastic Pictures).

Three whores show up for a nasty prenuptial soiree. They strip, have oil squirted on them, eat each other out and then stuff well over a dozen different cocks into their every dainty place for 90 nonstop, perfectly shot minutes. Meaty Sydney's unenhanced megaboobs stand out, as does Marilyn Martin's remarkable enthusiasm. The star moment belongs to tiny, blond Maeva, however, who packs two poles up her pooper at once—a rectum wrecking rendered all the ruder when one of the rods is revealed to belong to hedgehog Ron Jeremy. What a blowout!





the cum-screen crop.

## BUTTMAN'S BRITISH BIG TIT ADVENTURE

# Directed by John Stagliano (Evil Angel).

Porn maestro John Stagliano travels to a European isle long reviled for its twisted-tooth, slag-assed females and successfully seduces as supple and salacious an array of strumpets as any continent has to offer. There's nary a drop of silicone to be found among the mountainous mammaries of *Buttman's British Big Tit Adventure*'s eye-popping Anglo beauties, and the Stagliano stalk-and-succumb technique has never been more sizzling. May the sun never set on Buttman's empire.





## **ANAL MANOR**

# Directed by Steve Perry (Odyssey Video).

Dirty-mouth Danyel Cheeks, playing a Madonna-like pop-diva, gets a dose of ass-blasting reality in *Anal Manor*, when her touring entourage settles for the night in a fanciful English castle. Hooded monks and horny royals have their way with blowsy, ball-scorching Brit-ginch charmers and open-sphincter rocksluts alike, as director Steve Perry crams 20 separate sex acts into *Anal Manor*'s amazingly inventive 90 minutes. An epic of porn proportions.



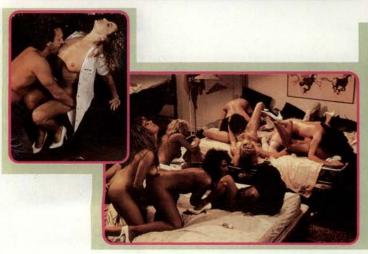












## **REAL TICKETS VOLUME ONE**

## Directed by Jim Holliday (VCA).

At fucking last: Veteran XXX-auteur Jim Holliday, offering blessed relief to viewers disgusted by the omnipresence of breast implants, produces the first of a hopefully long line of flicks featuring entirely natural-boobed beauties. Real Tickets' vaginal-gymnastics plot device allows for ultra-nymph Mickey Lynn to practice naked on the parallel bars, plenty of free-moving, locker-room skin shows and the life-altering sight of sex and flesh avalanche Keisha bouncing slow-mo on a trampoline. Real Tickets=real tits; that equation alone qualifies the project for must-stroke status. The good news is that Holliday and company take this top-flight idea and, through first-rate filmmaking, make it even better.

## PUSSYMAN 5: CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

# Directed by David Christopher (Snatch Productions).

Pussyman 5's cast list reads as a virtual roll call of current porn's most reliable private parts, but right from its first scene—a long limo ride during which a flashlight is exquisitely made love to—clearly, this is Leena's show. The plot regards a posse of pervs demonstrating all conceivable boy-girl-girl coitus combinations while on holiday at Leena's alleged estate. Thoroughly professional, Pussyman 5 stands as an ideal of what home-strokers seek from an overnight rental.

## **BUTTMAN'S INFERNO**

# Directed by John Stagliano (Evil Angel).

Opening with footage of 1993's Malibu fires on the brink of engulfing stately Butt Manor, *Buttman's Inferno* follows its hero (Stagliano—who else?) as he hightails it down to Australia for yet another brilliantly erotic escapade. The plucky Down Under poon prove stellar, particularly Amazonian Sheena, little-tittied Krysti Lynn and the endearingly ripe kiwi, Cindy Jones. The impromptu multi-chick/single-dude strip-club orgy boasts the year's most searingly sincere suckoff, and then some!

# RETURN OF THE CHEERLEADER NURSES

## Directed by Bionca (VCA).

Combining the best of two cream-dream archetypes, *Return*'s cheerleader nurses suck, fuck and flash flesh in this appealingly goofy, powerfully arousing video. The sex scenes are swell, but the locker-room incidentals that depict this gaggle of tongue-kissing candy-stripers and nipple-puckering pom-pom girls getting into and out of their appropriate medical and/or varsity garb undeniably establishes *Return of the Cheerleader Nurses* as sure-fire fodder for hand-humping happiness.

## SODOMANIA 7: DEEP DOWN INSIDE

## Directed by Various (Elegant Angel).

The Patrick Collins-helmed Sodomania series consistently offers excellent, heat-bent tales of moaning and boning. The centerpiece of this seventh installment is an ersatz assault perpetrated on mite-sized Tammi Ann's itsy-bung by supposed stalker Alex Sanders. Sanders forcefully hammers away at Tammi Ann's breathtaking baby-ass amid her ear-splitting screams of discomfort and joy. Sweet. Sodomania is an affliction of hottest order.

# BUTT BANGED BICYCLE BABES

## Directed by Biff Malibu (Anabolic).

Balling outdoorsmen and the chicks whose shitters open to bone them beneath blue skies are the subject of *Butt Banged Bicycle Babes*, and few spew with more contagious fervor then guest-cock John Stagliano. Stag pops off three nut-breaking times in *Bicycle Babes*' double rump-pump finale, an awe-instilling act made understandable by the presence of ever-game cock-gobbler Yvonne and fuck bomb Kimberly Chambers. Delectable European export Draghixa kicks off *Bicycle Babes* with a forest-set cluster-fuck; she takes on a multitude of comers and absolutely bedazzles, bone up her butt and all, as the most beautiful new porn starlet of 1994.

# WHO KILLED HOLLY HOLLYWOOD?

## Directed by John T. Bone (VCA).

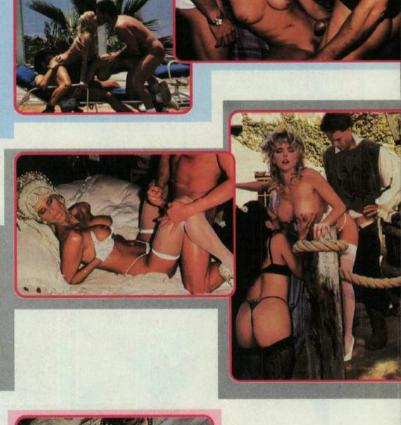
The problem with mainstream Hollywood's so-called erotic thrillers is their inability to follow through on a steamy buildup. Porn, of course, has the liberty to flaunt the fucking payoff. In John T. Bone's nookie-noir *Who Killed Holly Hollywood?*, the privilege to fuck is terrifically realized. Private dickhead Jonathan Morgan careens through a series of carnal capers, including hard-busted hooker Tami Monroe's fucking her way to freedom, and one of the last appearances of popular, punkish pornstress Madison, who shoves her chin deep inside Brittany O'Connell's chewy bubblegum snatch. *Who Killed Holly Hollywood?* is a dirty *movie* in the truest, and best, sense.

## VIRTUAL SEX

## Directed by Nicholas Orleans (VCA).

Kelly O'Dell is the reality appeal of *Virtual Sex*'s sci-fi vision of the future. O'Dell's slip of a little girl figure, her baby-shampoo mane of blondness, her strut of knowing innocence and the tremulous seduction of her cock-dependent doll-face provide the most special kind of effects an armchair onanist could ever hope for. Kelly couples with glow-gash Tiffany Mynx in an electrifying lesbo number, and later spreads her pink slice for waif prototype Sierra and sloped-wienie Marc Wallice. The infinite appeal of Kelly O'Dell launches *Virtual Sex* into a stratosphere of sensuality at its most real.











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Rainwoman 4 — drenched! Magar editors question her exitors question or her ext lovely Bobb Lee Lois Ayres dispit their womanty git to hunky Marc Wallice and Pete North. 85 min.



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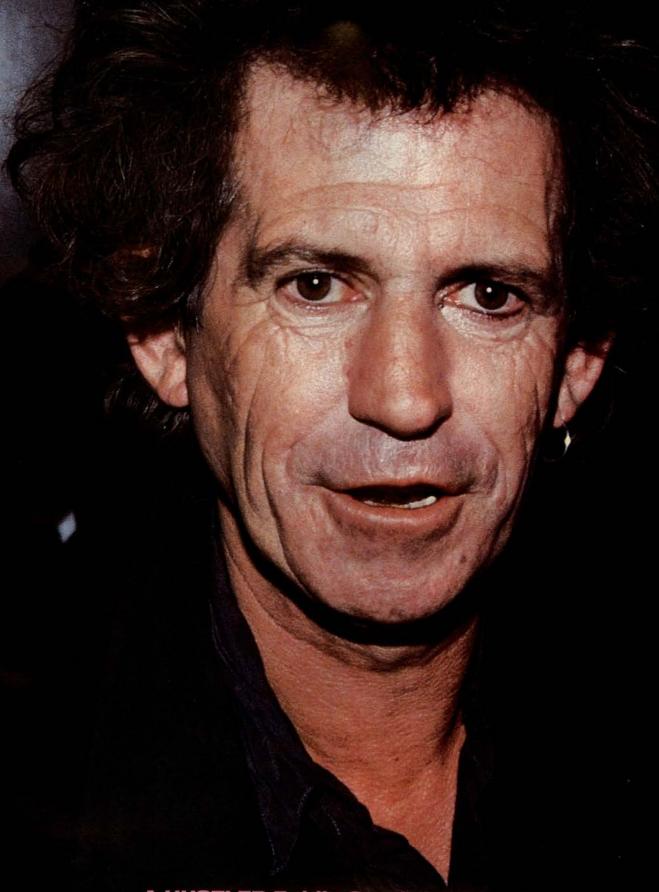
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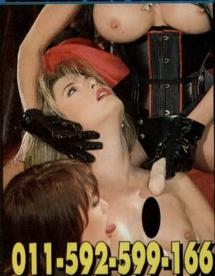
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(continued from page 43)
younger, where I believe I
broke all standing records for
ejaculation during the threeweek stint in which we
showed Barbarella."

Psychologically, Dr. Block stresses that the exhibitionistic pud-cuddling between clock-punches can be overindulged. "For many, the prospect of getting caught while

breaking a taboo—in this case, masturbating at work—heightens the pleasure of the act. The reality of getting caught is, of course, always unpleasant, but that threat can function as a real turn-on."

Curt Timone, the personnel director at a major West Coast publishing house, contends with exactly this type of dilemma. He recalls, with reserved amusement, an employee "who weighed about 300 pounds and was something of an odd-ball character."

The hefty weirdo passed a seemingly inordinate amount of time in the company's restroom. In and of itself, his lavatory habit presented no real problem. Then co-workers began to complain of unsavory sounds emanating from the fat freak's favorite toilet-stall. "A number of people came to me," Timone remembers, "and said it sounded an awful lot like this guy was masturbating."

Timone even-handedly confronted the suspect. The corpulent craphouse-dweller came prepared for such an accusation. "He pulled out this strange-looking brush," says Timone, "and explained to me that his body was covered with hives that he had to comb through with this instrument, and that the sounds made by this, *uh*, practice, were obviously being confused for masturbation. It became an issue of proof versus speculation. We gave him the benefit of the doubt—as I think most companies would—but, with proof, masturbating at work is certain cause for termination on grounds of lewd conduct."

Workaday diddling's appeal reaches beyond underlings, insists Dr. Block: "The more privacy someone has, the more he or she is inclined to utilize it by masturbating. Bosses absolutely beat off more than their employees, if only because they can close their door, and have their calls put on hold."

Rick Sullivan, a New Jersey film critic, backs up Block's contention. "About ten years ago," he relates, "I was a shill for a place that booked low-rent movie houses—mostly kung fu, horror and soft-core sex. One theater wanted to show Chesty Anderson, U.S. Navy. When my boss heard me take down that title over the phone, he jumped up and ran to the storage room, telling me he would find the posters himself. I didn't think anything of it until he was gone for

about 20 minutes; so I moseyed my way back there to see if he was all right. Oh, what I saw: There was the oldster with his legs up and his dick out, getting ready to pop off all over poor Chesty Anderson. That old bastard died a couple of years ago of a heart attack. Makes you wonder what he was up to just before he kicked."

Groin-grabbing may cut across class lines, but many bosses indeed forego bludgeoning the bishop behind office lines.

The sexual-harassment-happy '90s just aren't conducive to such jack-practices laments Matador Records president Gerard Cosloy: "Back in the indie days, when I was selling tapes out of my parents' house, the worst consequence I faced was my mother maybe bursting in on me while I was jerking off. In the current climate of lawsuits over cock-eyed looks, so to speak, I make it a point to have both my hands visibly above my desk for the duration of the workday.

"I thought it was bad when masturbation was the only sex I was getting," the music magnate complains. "Now I know how it is to get no sex at all. I don't dare masturbate at work. People accused me of selling out last year when Matador was bought by a major label, but my musical integrity remains intact. Onanistically, however, I'm a total turncoat."

Chilling political correctness aside, not ev-

eryone is following Cosloy's self-celibate example. "The way secretaries steal office supplies," states wild-eyed cartoonist Tony Millionaire, "that's how I whack off if I'm cooped up in a job somewhere."

Despite his nom-de-plume, Millionaire is no stranger to shit work. "The only way I got through such ordeals as being a fry-cook, an assistant dry-cleaner and, literally, a ditch-digger was to pop myself as many times as possible. It's like—You may own me, fucker, but you can't have my 'nads!"

Millionaire once left a paying gig not because he'd been fired, but because his hate-filled sperm-hurling raged out of proportion.

"I slaved for awhile as a sanitation worker under this one scumprick who was egg-bald," he recounts. "I loved riding in the back of the truck where all the garbage is, pounding away at myself while picturing my jizz rockets bouncing off that douchebag's shiny skull. It got out of hand though. I hated that guy so much that I couldn't think about anything else, even if I was jerking off in my apartment—and that's too close to homo. I had to quit. But I heartily recommend that everyone goes to work with hands down their pants."

Is flinging choad some sort of anti-industrial revolution?

"Absolutely," Millionaire proclaims. "Wankers of the world unite!"



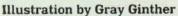
"Mr. Johnson, please state for the record how the defendant has repeatedly abused you over the years."

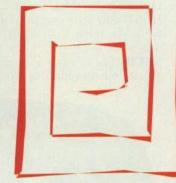
Q& A by Alex Marvel



NINE PARTS NORMAL, HE'S ONE PART PSYCHO.
HE PROWLS; HE LURKS; HE MOPES; HE JERKS OFF
A LOT. SOMETIMES HE CAN WAIT UNTIL HE GETS
HOME. HE DOESN'T MEAN ANYBODY ANY HARM.
HE'S EVERY WOMAN'S NIGHTMARE.







ccording to an oft-quoted estimate by Dr. Park Dietz, 200,000 people in the United States are stalking somebody right now. If Dietz, a forensic psychiatrist from California and the media's first expert on stalking, is credible, a population equivalent to that of the entire city of Dayton, Ohio, is ranged about the country, maliciously hounding an ex-lover, co-worker, celebrity or complete stranger. The typical victim of a stalker's obsessive attentions is female, not famous and scared shitless.

As attested by the FBI Department of Criminal Investigative Analysis in Quantico, Virginia, many women who are raped, robbed or murdered are first stalked. After television star Rebecca Schaeffer was shot to death by a stalker in Los Angeles, the state of California enacted the nation's first law making the act of stalking a crime; 47 other states quickly followed suit.

Michael K. is a 32-year-old Seattle, Washington, native who has been living in Los Angeles, California, for the past eight years, working as a paralegal for a large entertainment-law firm. Though Michael objects to being referred to as a stalker, his persistent, unwanted attentions and repeated following and harassing of a woman we'll refer to as Claire have earned him an upcoming jury trial. Claire sees Michael's incessant pursuit and surveillance as the most intrusive and destructive experience in her life. Michael views these same instances as "a rough spot in our relationship."

Just how rough that spot is, will be decided when Michael has his day in court. In the meantime, he pleads his case anonymously here in HUSTLER.

HUSTLER: Where is Claire now? MICHAEL: How would I know? It's, what, 6:30? She's just leaving her trauma therapy. She's in her Volkswagen Golf, southbound on Bundy, proceeding past the officer stationed at the Nicole Simpson death scene. At Pico she'll hang a left and go west to the San Francisco Saloon. That's where she goes Thursday nights now that she's not going out with that guy Charles anymore. She'll meet Lisa and Chynna from work, and Carl, a friend of Chynna's brother. He's the new guy Claire's not really interested in. Later, I'm guessing, they'll go over to Sloan's on Melrose, and that's where we'll hook up. HUSTLER: Is it difficult to comply with the court order to cease and desist all contacts with Claire?

Though Michael objects to being referred to as a stalker, his persistent, unwanted attentions and repeated following and harassing of a woman have earned him an upcoming jury trial.

MICHAEL: I understand what you're trying to say, but I'm not spying on her. She flaunts her activities. She's still throwing it in my face, just like she did at the beginning.

HUSTLER: You seem a little tense. Do

you get many chicks?

MICHAEL: You have to be a bastard to girls to get them to like you. I can't do that. I'm too nice. I send flowers; I send candy; I put messages on her phone machine and notes on her door. I sent her cassette tapes that I'd made of songs we love, more letters, some books I thought she might like to read. And what did I get? "Fuck you, Michael. I'm giving it to hippie Johnnie."

HUSTLER: Did you actually have an affair with Claire?

MICHAEL: We are still having an "affair." When two people connect on the emotional and spiritual levels, that bond exists until *both* people say it has ended. I have not said it has ended.

HUSTLER: So at one point you actually went on dates with Claire, had sex, things like that?

MICHAEL: It's unfair to evaluate the greater relationship that exists between

Claire and myself on those few minor details alone.

HUSTLER: So the answer is no, Claire never would go out with you.

MICHAEL: The answer is that the union between Claire and I is something you don't understand—even she has yet to fully grasp the importance of our being together. It may sound like megalomania to say so, but I'm convinced that Claire and I, combined, are here in this world specifically to usher in the next step of human evolution.

HUSTLER: Of course, but did you ever ask her out?

MICHAEL: Eventually, I did.

HUSTLER: Eventually?

MICHAEL: Yes. Once she'd figured out that I was the one sending the tributes, I began to speak to her, in person. Naturally I asked her for a date. Just as anyone would have. It was the most normal thing to do.

HUSTLER: Let's get back to the start of this involvement. Where did you and Claire meet?

MICHAEL: After I'd been here in L.A. for a few years, I hadn't really met anybody; so I started going to Alcoholics

Anonymous meetings. A lot of people go there. I met Claire at a meeting. I sensed that she was not a real alcoholic either. Like me, she was going to A.A. primarily to be around people. From our initial encounter, I saw that we had a lot in common. In fact, our destinies are intertwined. It was obvious right away.

HUSTLER: Was this manifest destiny obvious to Claire also?

MICHAEL: Not vet.

HUSTLER: But surely she must have felt the chemistry.

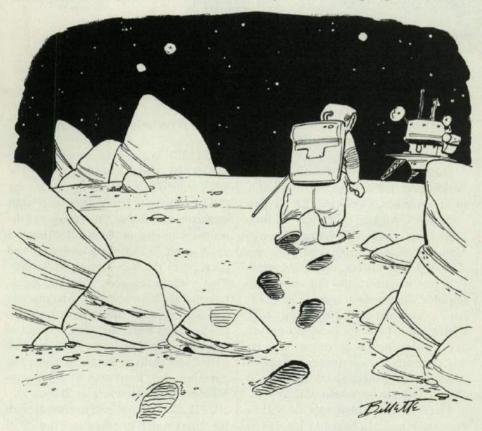
the chemistry.
MICHAEL: To be perfectly honest, I was afraid she would never notice me. even after I started communicating with her. She seemed down one day; so I put a note on her car telling her that a great person such as herself had a great future ahead. I watched her read it. The message seemed to do the trick. She was smiling; there's no way she could deny that, although she later did, under oath. I found out where she worked and sent her some flowers just because it was Monday. I continued to see her, almost every night, at meetings. Obviously she knew that I was the one for her, but she always looked right past me as though I didn't exist. I could have forced her to notice me, but I wanted her to see me on her own terms, for myself. Things were moving along in that direction—she smiled at me twice in the same week-until one night she shared to the group that a stalker was harassing her with obscene letters and "inappropriate gifts." The entire group was appalled. I felt terrible for her. Who could do such a horrible thing to my Claire? Then she quoted one of the messages, and I realized she was talking about me.

HUSTLER: How did you react?

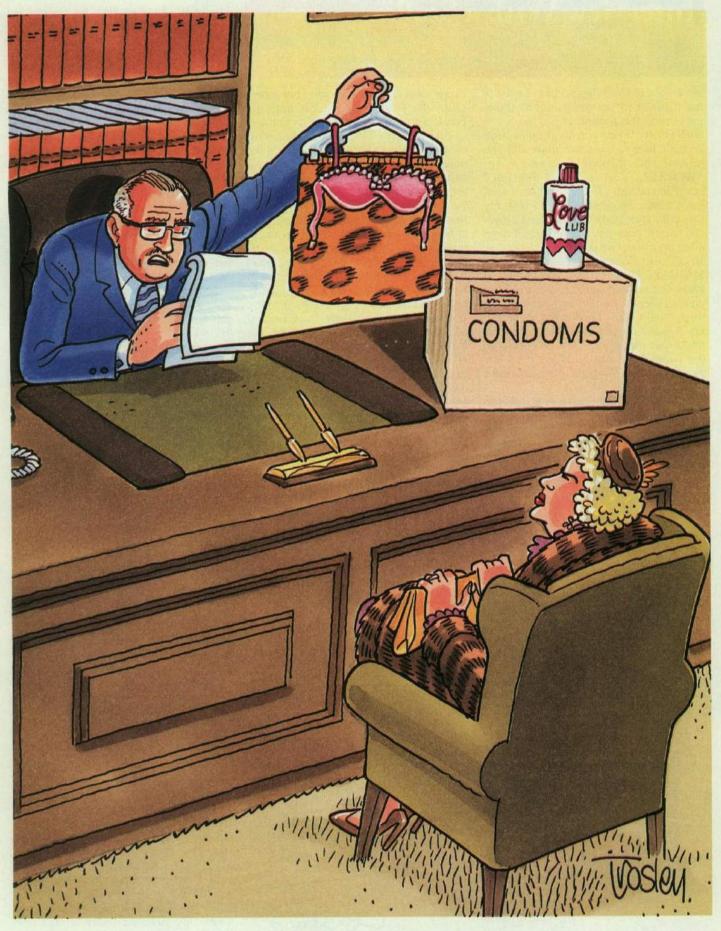
MICHAEL: My first thought was, Thank God she doesn't know it's me. But that relief didn't last.

HUSTLER: Did you derive a sense of power from being in the room with her, and her not knowing who you were?

MICHAEL: Are you kidding? It kills me. The agony is far more for me than it could ever be for her. By this time, I know her better than she knows herself, and she doesn't even know who I am. It's like she's watching me on TV, and I can see her and what's going on all around her in her life, and I'm sending her messages: "Watch out!" "Good job!" "Happy birthday!" Now, at this point, she can hear my messages, and she can see me on the TV, if she looks, but in her reality, we have this glass screen separating us. What she doesn't realize is that I can reach out through the TV screen at any time and touch her. I know that if I were to reach out from the TV and touch her, she would become very frightened.



"Did you see that?! The son of a bitch stepped right on my head!"



"And to my wife, who worried how she would support herself after I was gone...."

What she doesn't realize is that I can reach out at any time and touch her. I want to touch her so bad. I need to touch her. Yet, she insists upon putting me through this torture.

but I want to touch her so bad. I need to touch her. Yet, she insists upon putting me through this torture.

HUSTLER: When you went home after seeing Claire at these meetings, did you jack off while thinking about her?

MICHAEL: Yes, in fact, I did, but I never intended to. Usually I'd wait until I got home. Sometimes I'd do it in my car, driving or parked somewhere where she might pass by. Sometimes I'd go other places and do it.

HUSTLER: What other places?

MICHAEL: When I first was getting to know Claire, she used to park her car out on the street in front of her building. One time, I don't really know what happened, but I ended up in her parked car in the middle of the night. I was kneeling on the floor, with my face down by her steering wheel. My pants were off, and I was coming.

HUSTLER: Did you leave your splooge there in her car as an offering?

MICHAEL: Oh, no. Of course not. I cleaned everything up. I have too much respect for Claire than to soil her personal property.

HUSTLER: And yet you'll shadow her

every move, continue to send her letters after you know they trouble her, and break into her car in order to achieve sexual release. That type of behavior shows no respect for her privacy as a human being.

MICHAEL: I agree that it gives a bad impression. I didn't ask to be like this, but I'm not as good at hiding my intentions as other guys are. I'm not as adept at being dishonest, and women sooner or later realize that I want to fuck them. Then they get weird on me. A woman hates it when she thinks that a man is trying to put his penis into her mouth, but sometimes that's what I want to do. If I could just keep them from finding out, then everything would be fine, but I'm too honest.

HUSTLER: If you're so honest, why can't you admit to yourself or anyone that you're a stalker?

MICHAEL: Not true. I have done some deep soul-searching on this accusation. When Claire first started calling me a stalker in the meetings, I researched the subject. A lot of the women's magazines—Cosmopolitan, Women's Day, Redbook—have run articles about stalk-

ers. In all of my reading, the stalkers are referred to as portly, plump, homely. That's not me.

HUSTLER: Get real, Michael. You dogged this chick until she put the cops

on you, and you still dog her.

MICHAEL: Okay, you're right. I admit that it's wrong, and I'm not going to follow her anymore. I told myself I'd stay away, but I'm in the car, and it's too late. I've already pulled over, and I'm walking down the street where she lives, but I promise I'm not going to do it next time. It won't happen again. But I'm on the phone, and her number is ringing. What can I do? She's decided to be part of my life, whether I like it or not.

HUSTLER: For that first date, did she ask you or did you ask her?

MICHAEL: You already know that I asked her. Claire said in court that she only started talking to me out of pity. I pity her—I don't need pity.

HUSTLER: Have you stalked other women, or is Claire the first one?

MICHAEL: There were two others, who thought of me as what you call me. The first one was a girlfriend that I broke up with. She left a lot of things at my house, and I was simply trying to return her belongings to her.

HUSTLER: What types of belongings? MICHAEL: Some sheets...shampoo ...other toiletries. You know.

HUSTLER: Do you still see her?

MICHAEL: She married a cop; so I moved to Los Angeles.

HUSTLER: Did her husband, the cop, know about you?

MICHAEL: Yes. That's how she met him. She went in to file a complaint, and he took advantage of her during that vulnerable time.

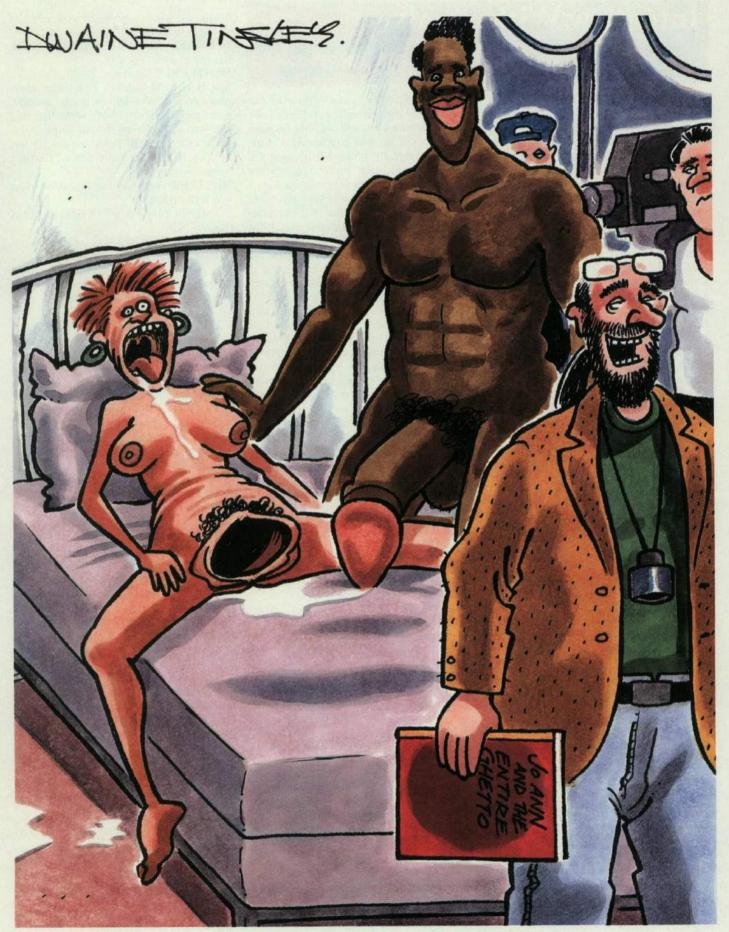
HUSTLER: Have you ever been beaten up or attacked because of these activities? MICHAEL: I'm only attracted to reasonable people, and reasonable people don't resort to violence in order to prove their points. I was bit by a dog once, but that had nothing to do with Claire. It wasn't her dog; it was her next-door neighbor's. HUSTLER: Are you obsessive-compulsive in many of the areas of your life?

MICHAEL: I have an intense personality, and I say so without apology. There is no law against being a highly focused and motivated individual, at least there shouldn't be any law against it.

HUSTLER: And what about the other of the three women who have called you a stalker?

MICHAEL: When I first moved down here, I drove by this gym that has a big window out on Beverly Boulevard. I was at the stoplight; so I looked in there, and I saw this girl on a Stairmaster. I only saw her from behind, but I felt like I'd





"That's a wrap! Be proud, people, we made art here today!"

She leaves things around, and I pick them up. I have some lists that she wrote. Some styronam cups and a straw with her lipstick. I actually have one of Claire's bra-and-panty sets.

known her all my life. It's an awareness I have. Fate speaks to me, directly. There's no sense trying to ignore the messages or argue with them when they come; so I joined the gym, and me and the girl I'd seen got along fairly well. She lived pretty nearby, close enough to jog home. One night she dropped a towel out by her driveway. That was nice; I've still got it.

HUSTLER: It sounds as if she really

liked you.

MICHAEL: Yeah, I could have made something happen there, but that's when I met Claire; so I dumped the girl from the gym.

HUSTLER: Talk about that first time

you asked Claire for a date.

MICHAEL: She was in her car, and alone, which had become unusual. There was almost always someone else with her. It was night, and she was coming out of the parking lot of the Rexall drugstore at Beverly and La Cienega. She'd just popped in to buy some Sominex. Anyway, it was then or never. I stepped up in front of her car, and she stopped. Her brake light was out, and I told her about it. She wanted to know how I

the attention I'd been giving her. She got out of there pretty fast. I keep asking. You know the rest.

HUSTLER: She's been adamant about turning you down. Won't you ever get

discouraged?

MICHAEL: I'm a persistent person, and I've been taught that hard work always eventually pays off. I have the same values that have made America great. Quitters never prosper.

HUSTLER: Late at night, when you're

could see that the brake light was out from where I was standing. I didn't want to tell her that I knew it was out because I'd opened it up and unscrewed it. I almost said that I'd noticed it because I'd been following her. From overhearing her at meetings, I knew she hated that. I didn't know what to say; so I gave her the note I'd prepared for that evening. That's when she recognized me, from the A.A. program, and knew that I was the guy. There was really no reason for me to introduce myself. I just asked if she wanted to go over to Pink's Hotdogs with me and get something to eat. I'd figured that once she saw me, she wouldn't be pissed off anymore about all

home all alone, how do you get the strength to carry on?

MICHAEL: I have my things that Claire has given me.

**HUSTLER:** What things?

MICHAEL: Mementos. I've taken some photographs. She leaves things around, and I pick them up. I have some lists that she wrote. Some styrofoam cups and a straw that have all been marked by her lipstick. I actually have one of Claire's bra-and-panty sets.

HUSTLER: And you use this stuff when

you jerk off?

MICHAEL: I wish you wouldn't put it

HUSTLER: How did you get the bra and panties? Break into her house?

MICHAEL: That's ridiculous. I mixed them in with my clothes one day when I was helping Claire with her laundry.

HUSTLER: That's hard to believe.

MICHAEL: We used to go to the same laundromat, every Saturday morning at 10:20 a.m. One day, she left her last load in the dryer while she went off to do her grocery shopping. I stayed behind to keep an eye on the clothes in the dryer.

HUSTLER: What about the lipstickstained cups and straw? It sounds as if you've been going through her trash.

MICHAEL: It isn't my idea of fun to go through garbage; garbage stinks. If I was as sick as you're trying to make me out to be, there were a lot of things in her trash worse than what I brought home.

HUSTLER: Has anyone recommended that you seek counseling for your prob-

lems with women?

MICHAEL: In Seattle they sent me to see a therapist, but all she wanted to talk about was my father. Was he there for me? Was he remote? Did I feel abandoned? It's such a boring cliche with these psychologists that they always want to trace everything back to your father. I had trouble staying awake during the sessions. But she was a handsome woman, and I sensed that I was safe with her; so I shared some of the dreams I'd been having about her. I got the impression that she was avoiding me after that. She sent me to a kind of rape-prevention rap group, as if I'm the kind of asshole who would turn into a fucking

HUSTLER: Would you ever do anything to hurt Claire?

MICHAEL: Why don't you ask her why she's doing so much that hurts me?

HUSTLER: If Claire would listen to you tonight, what would you tell her?

MICHAEL: I don't want her to feel as though I'm insisting that she has to change her life. I just want her to change my life. I'm the one whose existence has been turned into a criminal offense.









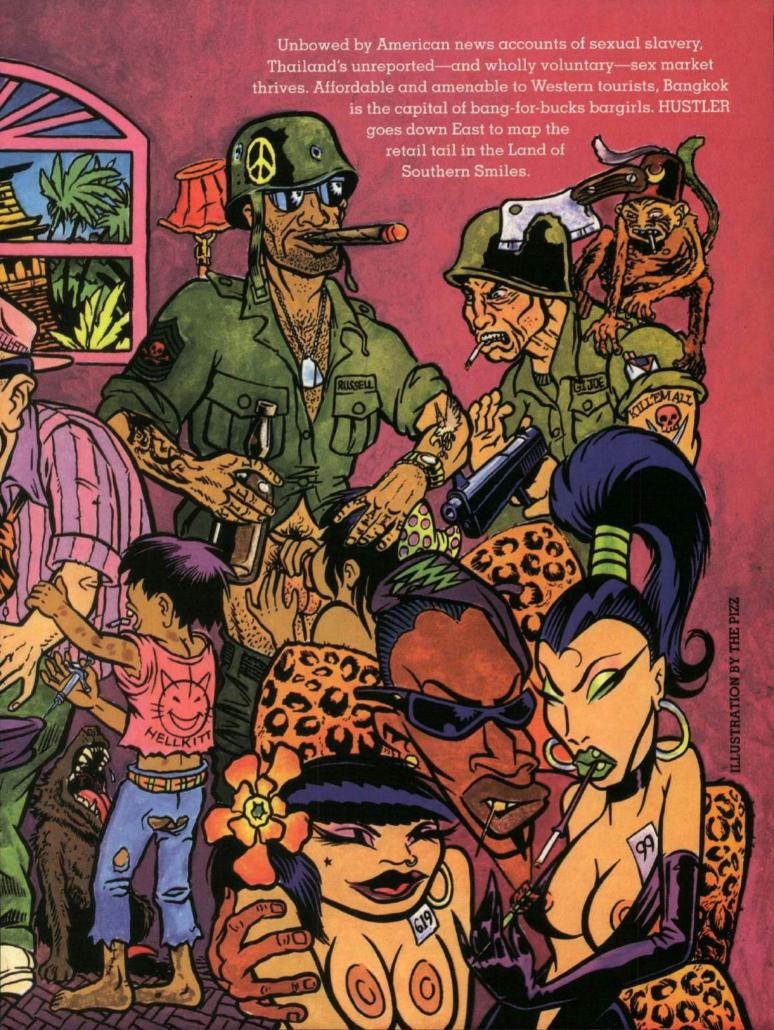












# Yum for Sum

Henry notices a tiny, teenaged girl smiling in his direction. Soaked, the pointy, brown nipples of her camellia-bud tits are readily visible through her sheer, cotton T-shirt.

NEWS SOURCE: The mainstream American media. SUBJECT: The sex industry in Bangkok, Thailand. SCENARIO: A reprehensible tableau of demoralization: Tender young girls, kidnapped by thugs or sold into slavery by their impoverished parents, are forced to perform degrading, potentially life-threatening sexual acts, earning the U.S. equivalent of pocket change. CONCLUSION: The sex market in Thailand is a vile business in which no respectable individual could bear to participate.

Sound familiar? Relax. Despite what the narrow-minded U.S. media would have Americans believe, most Thai venues for carnal pursuits offer a mutually gratifying, guiltless foray into the rarefied world of pay-for-play. The country is beautiful, the people are hospitable, the travel is affordable, and legitimate sex-for-sale services—absolutely free of coercion—are versatile and numerous.

Misinformed by biased American news reports, the traveler intrigued by the prospects of patronizing the gracious and paradisiacal sex market in Southeast Asia—where the U.S. dollar stretches far beyond its worth at home—may feel inhibited by a lack of basic logistical information. HUSTLER's following guide helps paint a picture of what to see, how to behave and what to expect from a tour of trim in balls-out Bangkok.

Invigorated after an hour's workout in his hotel's well-equipped gym, 42-yearold Henry from Chicago, Illinois, is pumped up to bait and hook some vellow tail. As he takes off toward Silom Road, it starts to rain. Soon he is drenched in a warm, sweet-smelling tropical downpour. Crossing the street in front of the Bangkok Robinson's department store. Henry notices a tiny, teenaged girl smiling in his direction. Soaked, the pointy, brown nipples of her camellia-bud tits are readily visible through her sheer, cotton T-shirt. Continuing to smile, she makes no effort to cover herself. Henry is the only Westerner in sight. He congratulates himself for traveling to Thailand in September, during the off-season.

WHEN TO GO: Situated in the western half of Indochina, the Kingdom of Thailand is a tropical country, hot and humid all year around. The coolest period coincides with the peak tourist season, from November until March. The notion of cool weather in Thailand, however, is relative. Typical cool-season daytime temperatures hover around 90 degrees, with 90 percent humidity. The mercury drops to 70 degrees at night.

During the hottest season—from May to July—thermometers soar to 105. Toward the end of June, the skies cloud, ushering in a torrential rainy season that lasts from July through October. Less oppressively hot and less crowded, this is an opportune time to visit. Flooding, however, is common during this time of year; so if you plan to visit the "Land of Smiles" between July and October, bring your waders.

At Bangkok's Supergirl Bar, Tom orders a scotch and watches appreciatively as lithe-bodied girls in bikinis pinned with numbered badges bend and twist to disco music. Spying two smiling girls, Tom motions for them to join him. The girls snuggle up against either side of the New Jersey businessman, gently rubbing their hands along his inner thigh.

Grinning, a nude woman hops on the stage. To the strains of Harry Belafonte's "Banana Song," she inserts a ripe banana into her pussy. With a snapping labial contraction and an audible fwaaaaap, the glistening fruit shoots out of her orifice, three feet into the air, to be expertly caught in her hand. Tom pays the bar manager 200 baht (\$8) and returns to his hotel with a slender young girl from the bar. After promising a generous tip, Tom spends the next three hours getting adoringly sucked and fucked by his golden-skinned, glowing-eyed Thai girl.

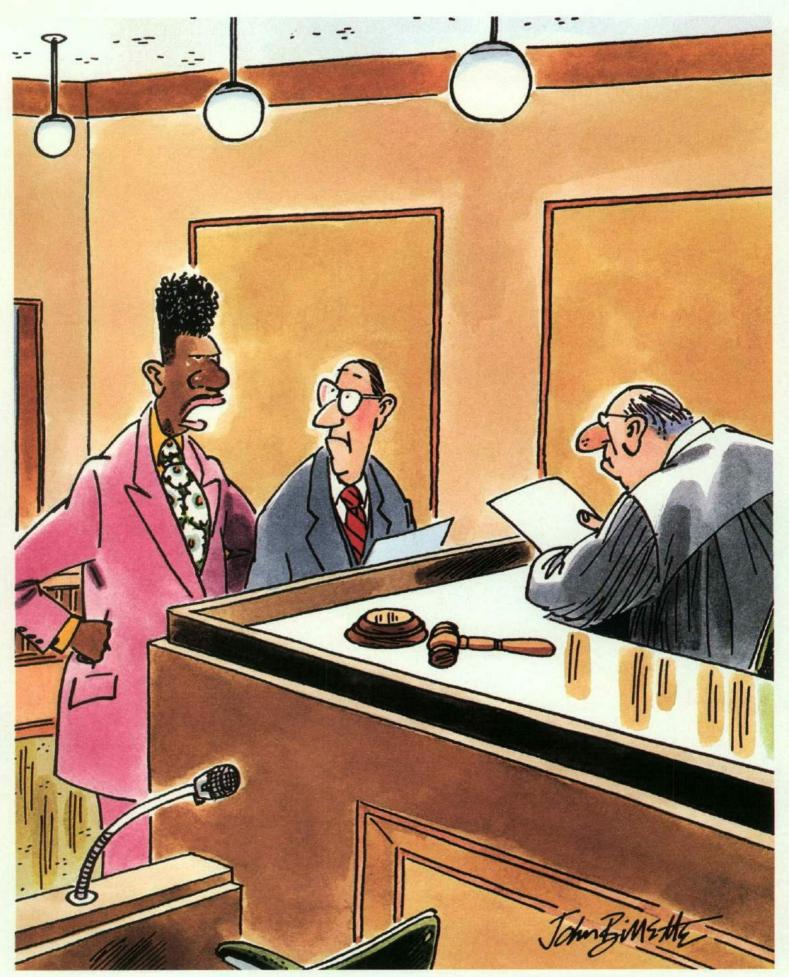
WHAT'S AVAILABLE: The services of dominatrices, phone-sex outlets, porn magazines and XXX videos, lap-dancing joints and strip-tease clubs are all but nonexistent in Thailand. Bangkok's many clubs, bars and massage-parlors primarily sell the classic fuck.

Comprising three narrow alleyways between Silom and Suriwongse roads, Bangkok's most famous sex district, Patpong, boasts a plethora of bars in which bikini-clad women cavort with customers and strip to perform boggling feats of cunt acrobatics, including shooting darts and blowing out candles. The working girls wear clearly visible badges listing their sex-service registration number, on file with the city of Bangkok; so patrons can easily identify whichever girls catch their fancy.

Most Bangkok bars encourage the customers to buy their girls drinks, from which price the bar owners earn a com(continued on page 78)

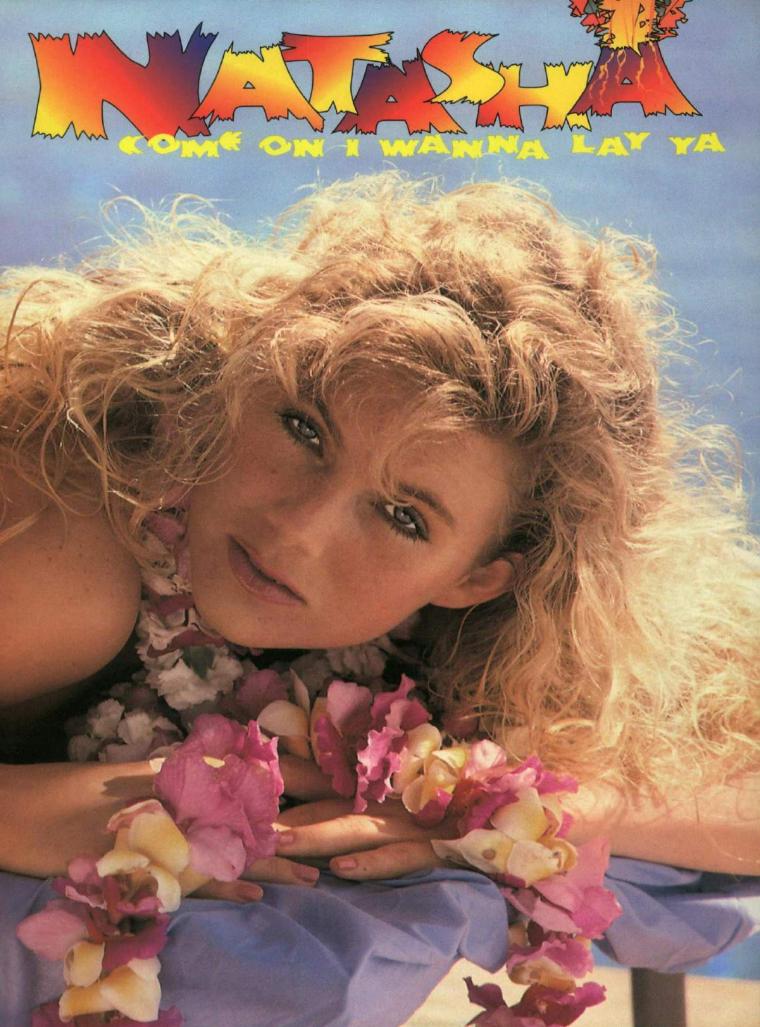


"I didn't even know the zoo had a lounge...."

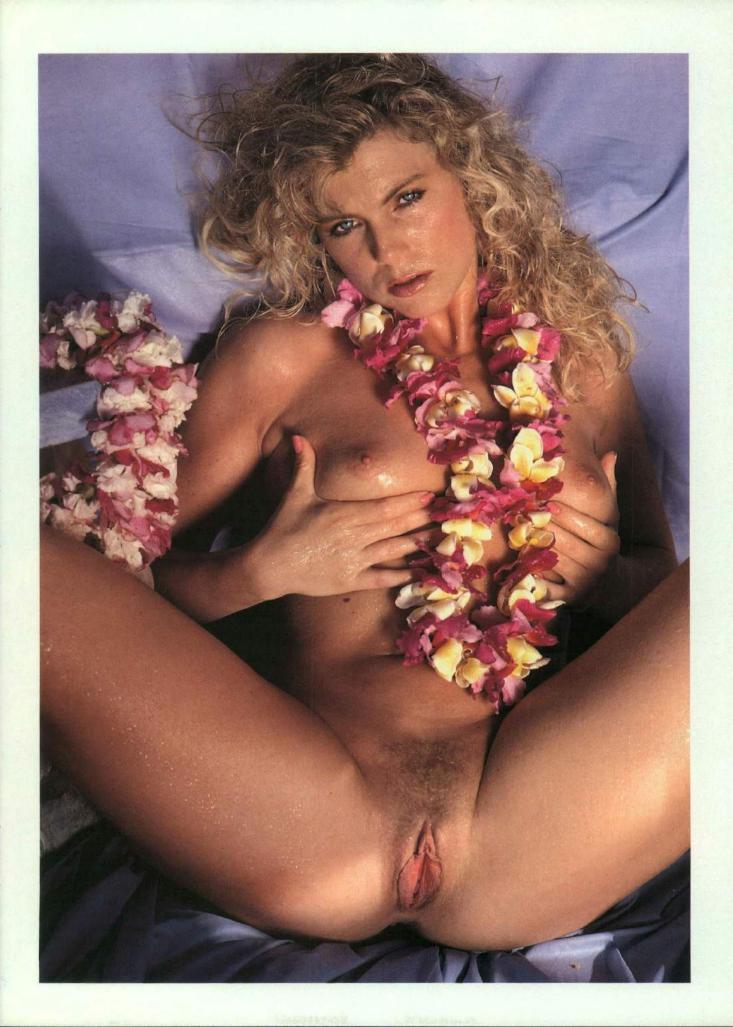


"Don't be calling me no pimp, Your Honor. I be a pussy marketing specialist!"





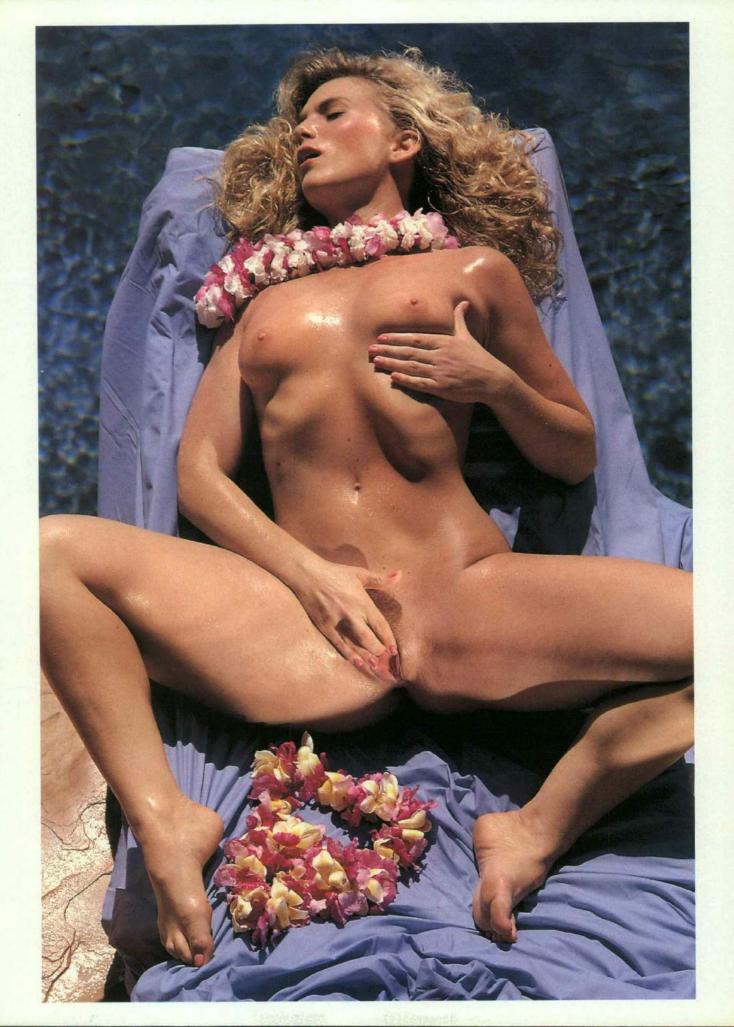












## Yum for Sum

(continued from page 68)

Propping her on the edge of the tub afterward, Ace pulls her freshly scrubbed ass cheeks apart in order to corkscrew his tongue into her puckered, pink sphincters.

mission, but buyers beware: Any Thai bar that relentlessly hustles its patrons should be departed immediately. Experienced bar-goers keep the drink tab on the table to prevent the house from padding the bill on the sly.

Visitors desiring a less manic environment than Patpong may find the nearby district called Soi Cowboy a pleasing alternative. Featuring go-go-style bars similar to those found in Patpong, Soi Cowboy—a five-minute walk from nearby McDonald's—is much less crowded, with an accompanying decrease in competition for girls. The many bars in NaNa Plaza, a cramped, two-story block on Sukhumvit Road, specialize in "ladyboys." Unpracticed visitors to NaNa Plaza are advised to choose their dates carefully: Any pretty "girl" may be packing masculine artillery.

New Petchburi Road is where to find a gracious, all-accommodating massage. The smiling girls employed in the parlors along Petchburi Road are skilled masseuses. Typically, Thai massage parlors advertise their supple-handed employees behind glass. Strolling up and down the transparent partition, clients

pick the girls they want much like they would pluck a lobster out of a tank at a restaurant. A Bangkok massage-parlor patron who wants sexual attention as well as a tension-killing rubdown requests a "full body" massage.

"Short time or long time?" the clerk inquires. Ace answers, "Short time." Taking a key off the rack, the clerk leads Ace and his "date" across the parking lot. Ace stares, entranced, as his Asian lady's firm ass cheeks churn under her tight knit dress.

Ducking behind vinyl curtains that shield the hotel doorway from prying eyes, the clerk throws open the door to the room Ace has rented. Ace's curious mug—and his date's slender curves—reflect four-fold in mirror-paneled walls. The dressing table, chair, bed frame and ceiling in the tiny room are wrapped in lime-green vinyl.

After paying the clerk, Ace doffs his clothes and ushers his date into the bathroom, where she soaps and rinses their bodies from head to toe. Propping her on the edge of the tub afterward, Ace pulls her freshly scrubbed ass cheeks

apart in order to corkscrew his tongue into her puckered, pink sphincters. Gasping, she clamps her legs tightly around his head. The next three hours are going to go by very quickly, realizes Ace with satisfaction.

WHERE TO STAY: The Bangkok visitor who can't afford the luxurious Oriental Hotel (\$250 a night is the Oriental's cheapest room) enjoys a multitude of commodious alternatives. Located near the heart of Patpong, rooms at the Rose Hotel or the Suriwongse Hotel cost less than \$30 a night and accommodate over-night guests. Visitors looking for a quickie can hole up in Suriwongse short-time rooms for \$10. Tacky lime-green vinyl beds, mirror-paneled walls and TV/radio controls in the headboards make these cheap assignation stops worth the price of admission.

A ten-minute walk from Patpong, the Malaysia Hotel lets rooms at \$20 a night. The hotel features air-conditioning, a swimming pool, laundry, long-distance phone and fax services.

For slightly more upscale accommodations, rooms at the NaNa Hotel on Sukhumvit Road rent for \$40 a night. Extremely clean, the NaNa Hotel offers excellent service just across the street from the boisterous pleasures of the NaNa Plaza.

For hotel-based, after-hours activity, nothing beats the Thermae Room at Bangkok's Ambassador Hotel. Located inside the hotel's back-door entrance, the Thermae is where local working girls gather at the end of the evening. A visitor to Bangkok who covets the attention of several women at once will find the Thermae is a cozy place to start looking.

Regardless of where a guest chooses to stay in Bangkok, likely he will be visited by a hotel representative offering to procure female companionship. Guests who'd rather not settle for the bellboy's selection are better off going out and hunting up their own trollop.

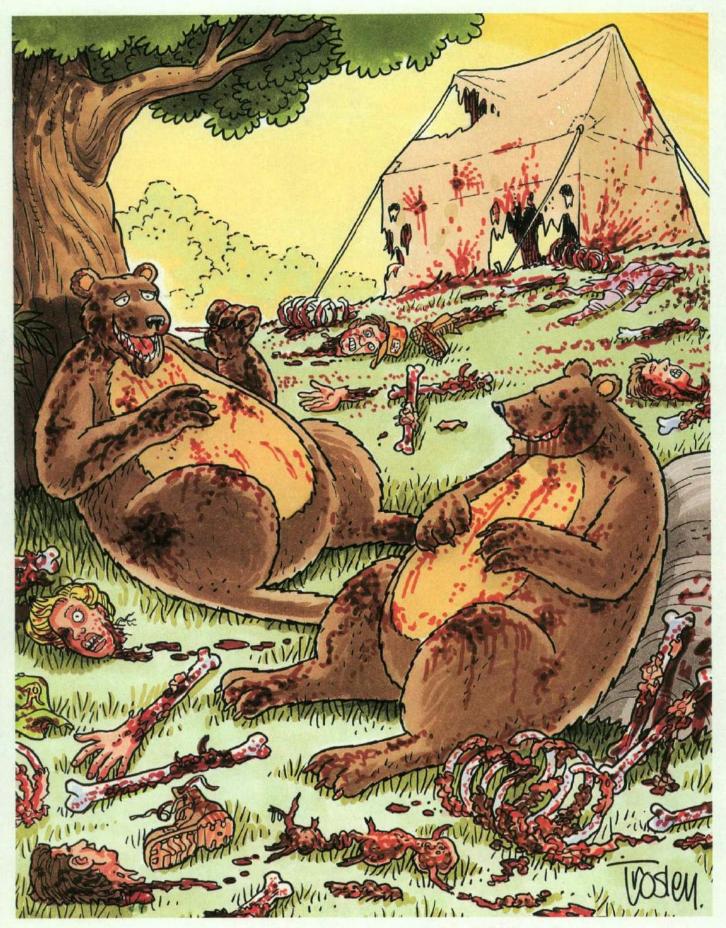
Shortly after Ray selects Neng from the multiple choices of willing flesh poised behind the glass partition at the Petchburi massage parlor, the supple young masseuse slips beside him at the table where he is drinking Singha beer with his friends.

Embracing the Thai girl in the privacy of the back room, Ray is so impressed with Neng's sexual knowledge—the expert, slick grip of her pussy; the total depth of her submission—that he is certain he has found his dream girl. He is delighted when Neng accepts his invitation to go shopping with him the next day.

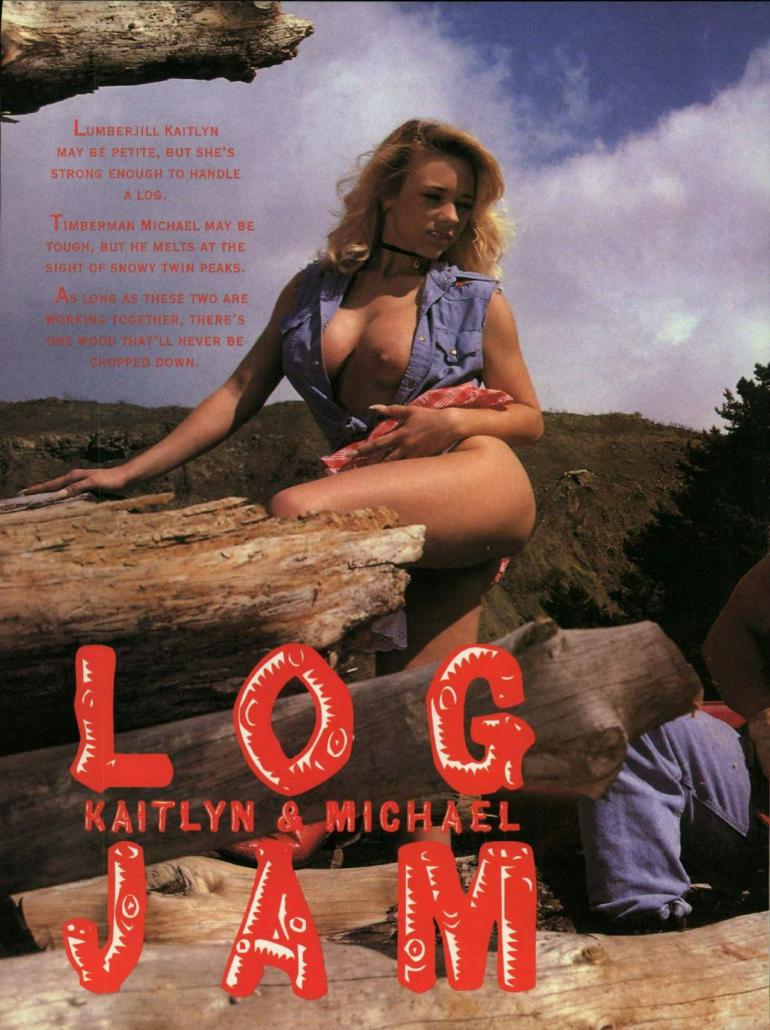
(continued on page 88)



"So, you create a frontal diversion—then I'll nab the son of a bitch!"



"I don't know about you, but I couldn't even look at another camper!"

















## Yum for Sum

(continued from page 78)

Rising, Charlie wraps his arms around her, his still-leaking, half-mast cock rubbing against her mound. Lek drops her head to his chest and waits expectantly.

When they meet in front of the Zen Center, Ray affectionately puts his arm around her. He is surprised-and somewhat offended-when Neng quickly backs away from his touch.

HOW TO ACT: Thai social customs vary greatly from Western rules of conduct. Most importantly, Thailanders frown upon public displays of affection between men and women. Hand-holding, hugging and kissing on the street are considered unforgivably crass. Thai women, regardless of their station in life, prefer not to be observed at large in the company of white men. Oftentimes Thai bargirls will not allow themselves to be seen walking beside-let alone arm-inarm with-a Western man, for fear of broadcasting their profession.

Never tap a waitress to get her attention. Thailanders are extremely restrained when it comes to touching between strangers. It is considered taboo to touch anyone's head, especially the crown. Should a person accidentally bump heads with someone, he or she must quickly offer an apology, or suffer loss of face.

Avoid touching a Thailander with the

feet, or stepping over them. Thailanders consider the feet to be dirty and base. Displaying the sole of the foot in Thailand is the equivalent of giving the finger in the U.S.

The ultimate Thai taboo is to raise one's voice or lose temper. Thailanders place a premium on maintaining composure at all times. Americans see a loud, drunken man as a guy who's having a good time; in Thailand, he's viewed as a cad. On the other hand, some common Thai behavior would strike Westerners as rude. Thailanders do not consider it impolite to bluntly ask a stranger's weight or age, or openly remark upon a big nose. Also, don't be surprised to find a Thai person pawing inconsiderately through someone else's belongings. Thailanders don't place as high a premium as Westerners on asking permission to touch another's property.

Charlie lies on the bed, recovering from a ball-draining, asshole-to-piss-slit blowjob while his paid Thai bedmate, Lek, slowly dresses. The small patch of Lek's sweet black bush appears as she lifts one limber leg, then the other, to

slip into her panties. Easing the pink satin over her dainty hips, she smiles at Charlie suggestively from behind a glossy curtain of perfumed hair.

Rising, Charlie wraps his arms around her, his still-leaking, half-mast cock rubbing against her mound. Lek drops her head to his chest and waits expectantly. Charlie squeezes her gently. She remains in place.

Can't she tell I'm done with her? Charlie silently wonders. "What's the matter?" he asks Lek. "I paid 200 baht for you at the bar!" Barely understanding English, Lek gives Charlie a confused look. The American doesn't realize that the 200-baht fee had paid only for Lek's release from the bar, not for services rendered. He doesn't tip her extra until she begins to cry. Lek cries harder to see how much Charlie resents having to pay.

WHAT IT COSTS: Compared to the price of equivalent action in the U.S., sexual barter in Thailand comes cheap. Most Thai bars operate in this manner: Once a client has selected a girl, he must pay the bar manager an "off-fee," generally \$8-\$16, to obtain her release. Upon escorting the girl to his hotel, the client is then expected to tip about \$40 for a short-time session (approximately three hours), or \$80 for an overnight visit, after which the client should buy the girl breakfast as well.

At massage parlors and brothels, where the services are in-house, clients generally pay an entry fee. Again, the girl must be tipped for her work after the session-\$40 for short time, \$80 for overnight. Never ask a girl her price. She'll either reply that she doesn't care how much she's tipped, which is bullshit, or she'll name an astronomical fee.

If a client desires a girl to accompany him while he travels, the most economical arrangement is to hire a freelancer. Tip her at least \$20 a day, so she can cover her basic necessities, and pay her travel expenses.

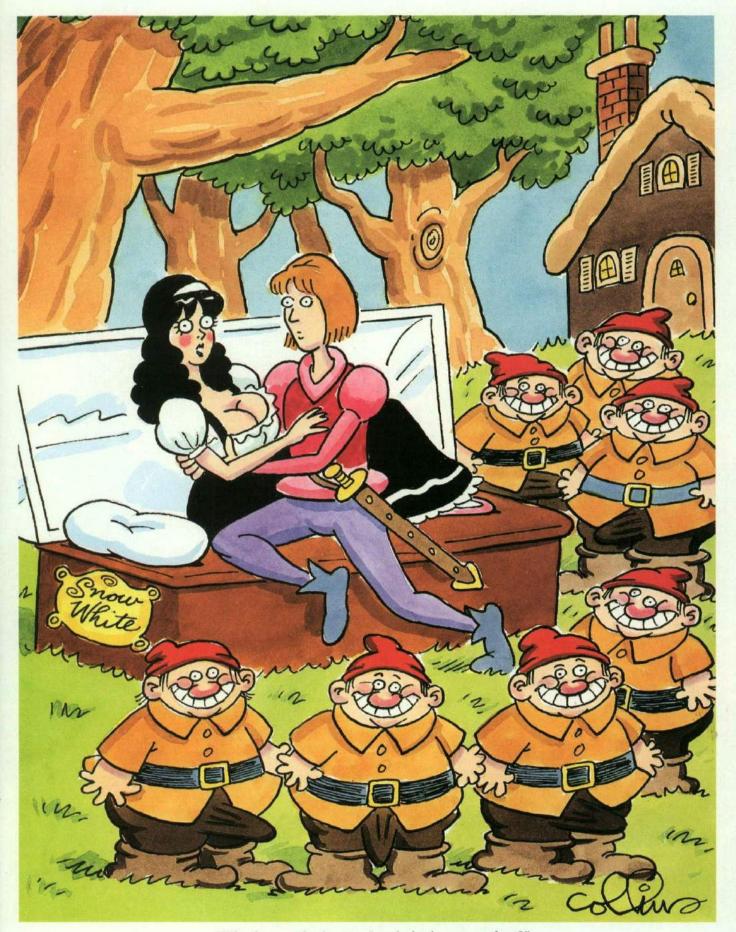
American Tanya sticks out her beestung lower lip, pouting, "But why do you have to go out every night? Why don't you ever take me along? You're going to where all those girls are! Why can't I come along? Maybe I should go out and get a guy for myself. It's my vacation too!" Tired of his honeypot girlfriend's complaints, Ty decides to put an end to it. "Okay," he agrees, "you can go find a boy if you want. But I get to watch!"

At a nearby bar called Twilight, packs of slender, brown Bangkok men massage (continued on page 134)





"'Scuse me. Are you waiting for anyone in particular or are you a bar slut?"



"What happened, where am I, and why does my ass hurt?"



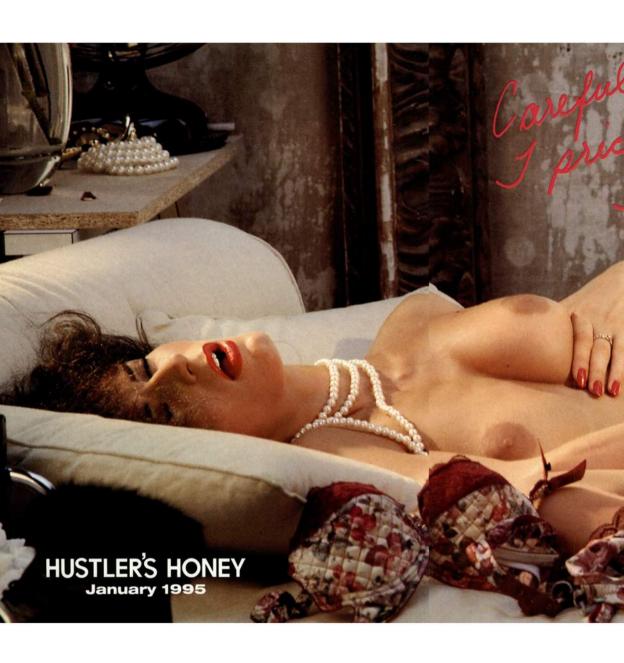
## KEBEUUA IN BLOOM "'A rose is a rose is a rose,'" quotes Rebecca, just as the doorbell rings again. "I think Gertrude Steinbeck said that." She opens yet another box of the ruby flowers, which have been arriving every hour, sent by an admiring gentleman of the night before. "He says I am exactly like a rose," reveals the American beauty, lifting one longstemmed bloom to her nose, "because my lips are as full and red as the corolla, my skin is as soft as the petals, and if you're careless when you touch me, I prick. But mostly it's because of this." She bends to caress her own tender rosebud, drawing out a few droplets of essential oil. "He thinks I should bottle it." Photography by James Baes







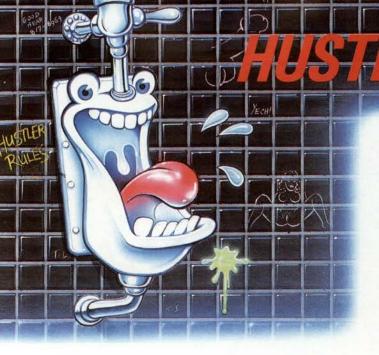












Judge Himmelfarb stumbled home intoxicated one evening, completely oblivious to the fact that he'd thrown up on himself.

When pressed by his wife the next morning as to what happened, Himmelfarb convinced her that a belligerent drunk on the commuter train was responsible.

Later that day, the judge figured to cement his alibi by calling home with another bogus story. "You remember that drunk I told you about last night?" he asked his wife. "Well, he turned up in court, and I sentenced him to 30 days for vomiting on my jacket."

"Maybe you should give him 60," Mrs. Himmelfarb shot back. "He shit in your pants too."

Question: What should you do if your girlfriend is no good at fellatio?

Answer: Keep pounding it into her head.

Sister Mary and Sister Ignatius were pounced upon by a pair of rapists on their way back to the convent.

"Forgive them, Father," Sister Mary wailed during the attack, "for they know not what they do."

"Mine does," cooed Sister Ignatius.

Question: How many lesbians does it take to change a lightbulb?

Answer: Two. One to change the bulb and one to write a folk song about it.

'm really worried about Gretchen," Harry confided to his friend Jim over the phone. "She wasn't home for dinner, and now it's almost midnight. Do you think she's okay? You *know* how depressed she's been since her double mastectomy."

"Relax," Jim offered. "Maybe she just went out for a drink, or dropped by a friend's house to visit."

"I don't think so," Harry intoned glumly, as he glanced at the nightstand. "She left her tits on the table."

A couple in their late 90s consulted an attorney about filing for divorce.

"At your age, and after nearly 70 years of marriage," the lawyer wondered, "what brought this about?"

"We wanted to wait until the children were dead," the husband answered.

Question: What happens when a Jew with an erection walks into a wall?

Answer: He breaks his nose.

Tomas and Serge, two gay lovers, were rear-ended by a semi as they cruised the highway.

Pulling over, Tomas instructed Serge to confront the trucker. "Tell him we're going to sue, sue, sue!" he shrieked.

Serge approached the cab and relayed the message. "Ah, why don't you just suck my cock!" the driver blurted out.

Brimming with excitement, Serge scampered back to Tomas shouting, "He wants to settle out of court!"

Question: What do you get when you cross a black and a WASP?

Answer: An abortion.

Two hookers were talking business.

"Have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?" asked one.

"No," said the other, "but I've been dragged around by the boobs."

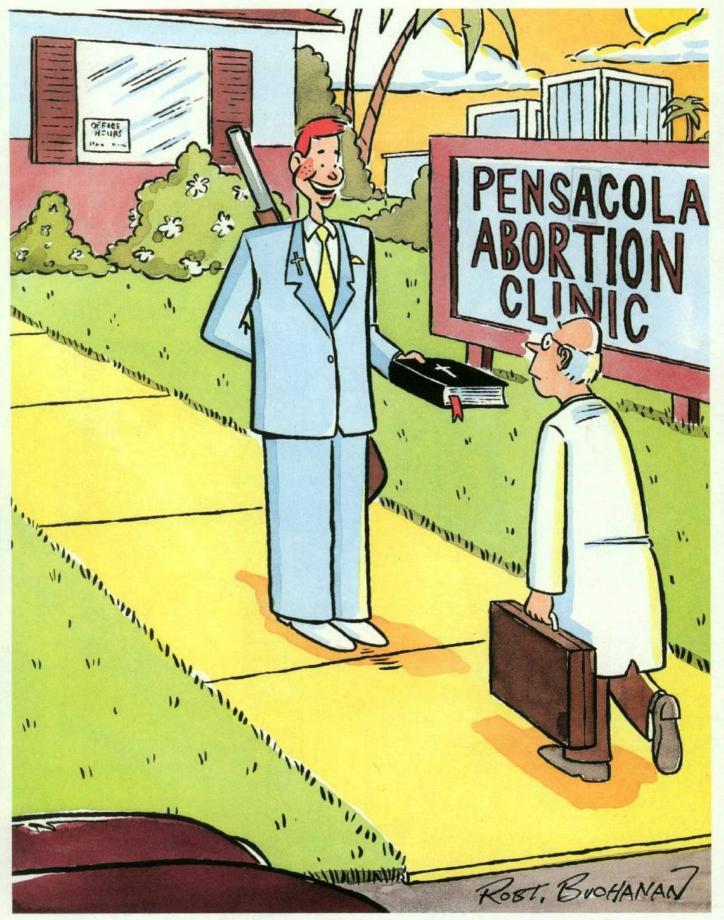
Bill pulled up a stool at his favorite bar and announced: "My wife Susie must love me more than any woman has ever loved any man."

"What makes you say that?" the bartender inquired.

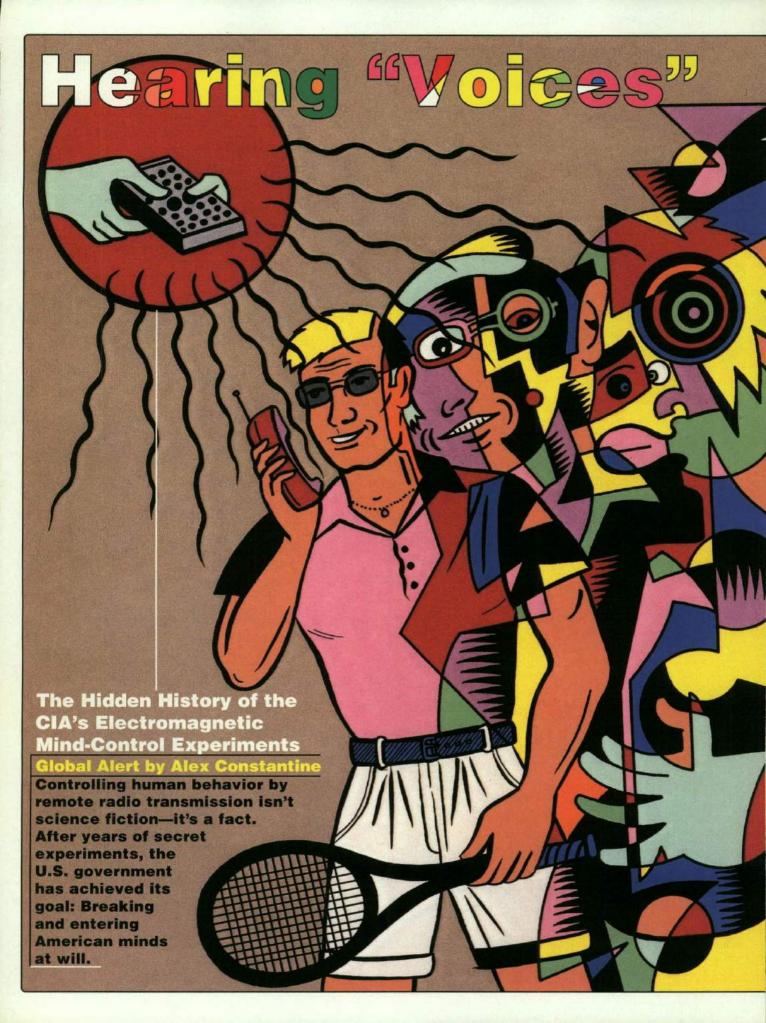
"Last week," Bill explained, "I had to take a couple of sick days from work, and Susie was so thrilled to have me around that every time the milkman, the cable guy and the UPS truck came by, she'd run down the driveway, waving her arms and hollering, 'My old man's home! My old man's home!"

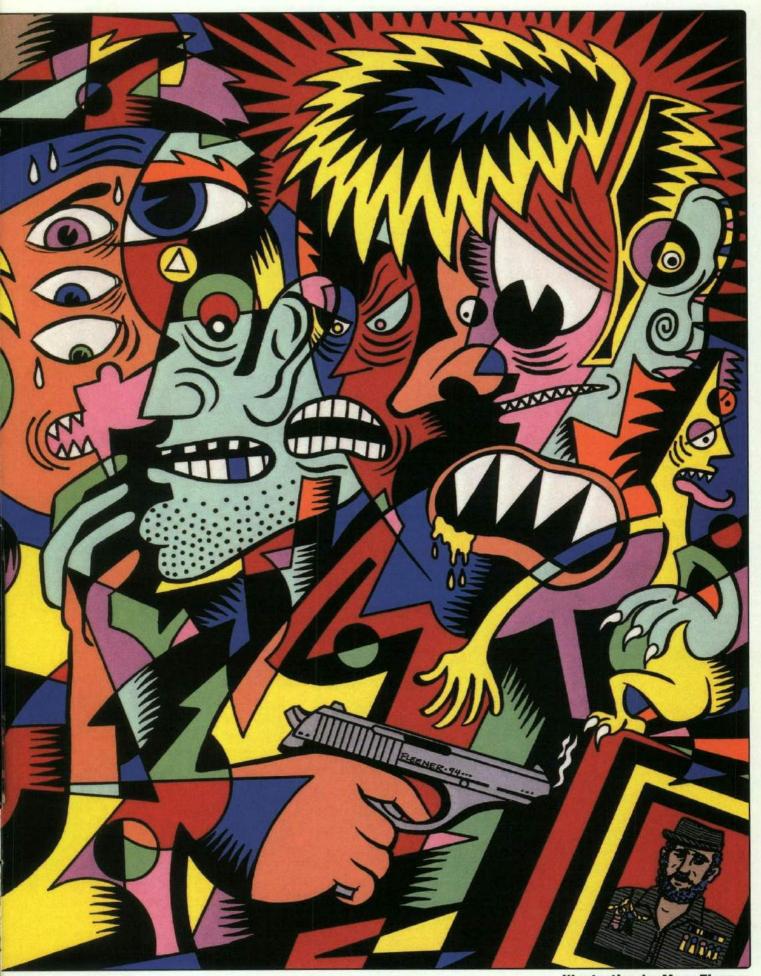
The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *vibrator* as: a slot machine.

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"A Jesus-filled good morning to you, Doctor! Could you please hold this for just one second?"





**Illustration by Mary Fleener** 

## Hearing "Voices"

At Bien Hoa Hospital, SEI teams had implanted electrodes in the skulls of Vietcong prisoners of war in experimental attempts to direct the behavior of brain-wired subjects by remote control.

"Man Hallucinates, Says Microwaves Are Murdering Him," reported the March 21, 1979, edition of the Los Angeles Herald Examiner. The subject of the article, electronics engineer Leonard Kille, claimed his brain had been destroyed in mind-control experiments by CIA-sponsored psychiatrists Vernon Mark of Boston City Hospital and UCLA's Frank Ervin.

Kille was a coinventor of the Land camera, named for Edwin Land of the Polaroid Corporation. A veteran researcher in government-sponsored mindcontrol programs, Land had founded the Scientific Engineering Institute (SEI) on behalf of the CIA. In July 1968 at South Vietnam's Bien Hoa Hospital, SEI teams had implanted electrodes in the skulls of Vietcong prisoners of war in experimental attempts to direct the behavior of brain-wired subjects by remote control. Upon completion of the experiments, the POWs were shot and cremated by a company of Green Berets.

In 1966 Kille suspected that his wife was having an affair. She denied it; he flew into rages. A psychiatrist interpreted Kille's anger as a "personality pattern disturbance" and referred him to Mark and Ervin for neurological tests. Although Mark and Ervin described Kille's behavior as "dangerous," Kille's most violent outburst consisted of throwing tin cans at his wife (he missed). Hospitalized by order of the psychiatrists, Kille was involuntarily subjected to experimental brain surgery.

During the touch-and-go operation, electrical strands were implanted in Kille's brain. Each strand was studded with approximately 20 electrodes. Only after installation of the apparatus was Kille enlisted to sign his official consent to the procedure: the electrodes were already in place, zapping his brain.

Following the nightmarish operation, Dr. Peter Breggin of the Center to Study Psychiatry, an ombudsman of psychiatric abuses, investigated Kille's case and found-despite Mark's and Ervin's reports of therapeutic success-that the post-op patient was "totally disabled and subject to nightmarish terrors that he will be caught and operated on again at the Massachusetts General Hospital."

In 1971, a hospital attendant discovered Kille holding a metal wastebasket over his

MARRIAGE COUNSELOR

"Bill will be here in a minute, after he finishes fucking the girl he just met in the elevator ....

head to "stop the microwaves." A sympathetic doctor at Boston's VA hospital, where Kille was transferred, ordered for him "a large sheet of aluminum foil so he may fashion a protective helmet for himself." Uninformed that Kille had been fitted with electrodes, the VA doctors diagnosed him as a delusional paranoiac.

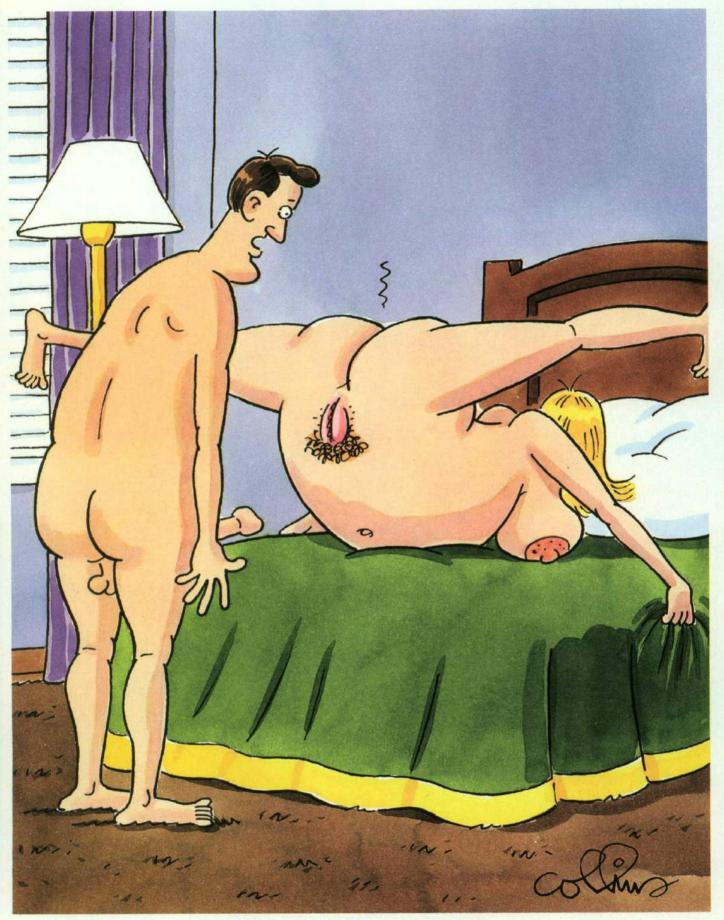
According to Kille, Mark and Ervin controlled his moods by remote electronic stimulation. "They turn me up or turn me down," Kille insisted.

In the 1920s, the development of the electroencephalograph (EEG)-an apparatus for detecting and recording brain waves-offered brain physiologists the key to unlock the mysteries of the body's pivotal organ of thought, intellect and personality. While giving hope for a specific means of mapping mental-health ailments, the newfound electrical pattern to brain function also opened a monstrous Pandora's box: possible radio control of the mind. In 1934 Doctors E. L. Chaffee and R. U. Light published "A Method for Remote Control of Electrical Stimulation of the Nervous System," an introductory monograph on electromagnetic mind-control methodology. That same year, electromagnetic-response (EMR) researcher Dr. Jose Delgado of Cordoba, Spain, climbed into a bullring and, with the push of a button, triggered an electrode implanted in the brain tissue of a charging bull, halting the beast in its tracks.

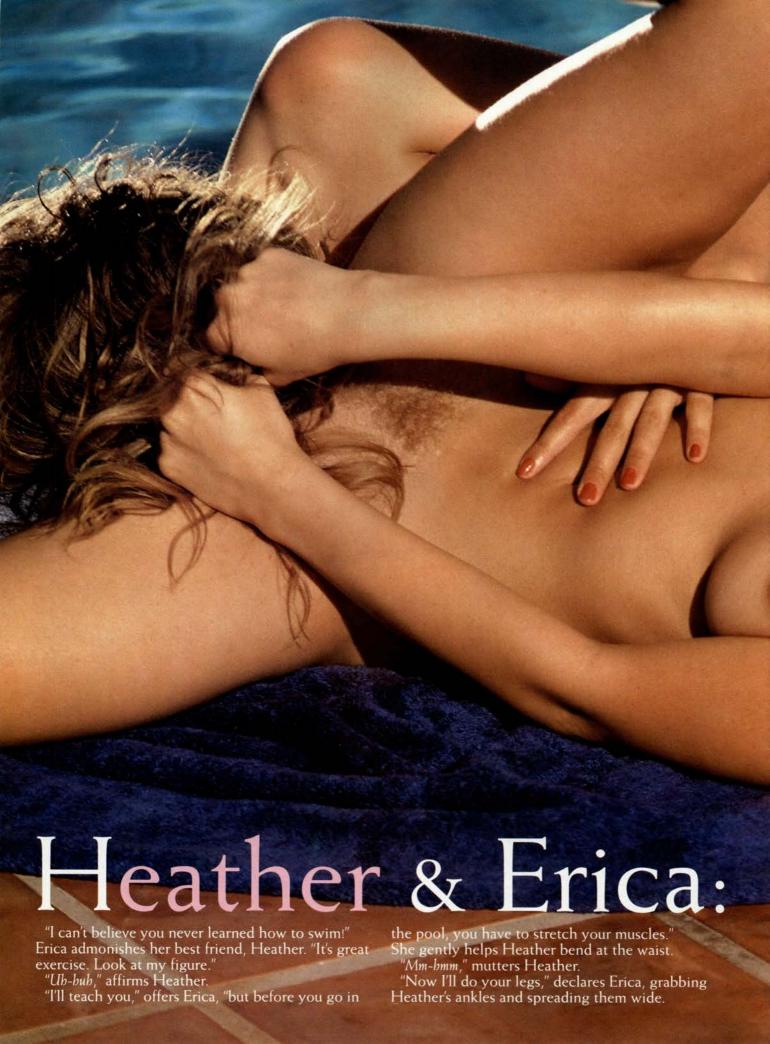
Also in 1934, Russian physiologist L. L. Vasiliev published "Critical Evaluation of the Hypnogenic Method," an article detailing the experiments of Dr. I. F. Tomashevsky in remote-radio control of the human brain "at a distance of one or more rooms and under conditions where the participant would not know or suspect that she would be experimented upon." Reported Vasiliev, "One such experiment was carried out in a park with the subject at a distance. A post-hypnotic mental suggestion to go to sleep was complied with within a minute."

The CIA created an EMR laboratory at Allan Memorial, a Montreal, Canada, research facility created in 1943. The heart of Allan Memorial's Radio Telemetry Laboratory (a telemeter is an electrical apparatus for measuring a quantity, transmitting the result by radio to a distant station, and there indicating or recording it) was called the Grid Room. In the Grid Room, an involuntary subject would be strapped into a chair, by force if necessary. Violent resistance was quelled with curare, the powerful plant extract used in arrow poisons by South American Indians and in medicine to produce muscular paralysis. From a head bristling with elec-

(continued on page 113)



"Are you sure the doctor said it's still okay?"















# Hearing "Voices"

(continued from page 104)

"De-patterning" was accomplished with heavy doses of LSD, barbiturate-induced comas, and electroconvulsive therapy administered at 75 times the normal dose for psychiatric therapy.

trodes and transducers, the subdued subject's brain waves would be beamed to a nearby reception room crammed with voice analyzers and radio receivers cobbled together by laboratory assistant Leonard Rubenstein. Rubenstein, a man who lacked professional medical credentials, believed passionately in the political uses of mind control. Experiments at Allan Memorial's telemetry lab, he declared, would one day help governments "keep tabs on people without their knowing."

"De-patterning"—the systematic annihilation of a subject's mind and memory—was accomplished at Allan Memorial with heavy doses of LSD, barbiturate-induced comas lasting up to 65 days and electroconvulsive therapy administered at 75 times the customary dose for psychiatric therapy. Following depatterning, "psychic driving"—the repetition of a recorded message for 16 hours a day—programmed the freshly emptied mind.

In 1965 the New York Times reported obscure EMR experiments secretly funded by the government under the front-page headline: "Mind Control Coming, Scientist Warns." Quoted in the article, University of California psychology professor Dr. David Krech cautioned, "EMR research may carry with it even more serious implications than the achievements of the atomic physicists."

Earlier, a 1963 CIA-issued manual prepared on the study of Radio-Hypnotic Intra-cerebral Control (RHIC) explained: "When a part of your brain receives a tiny electrical impulse from outside sources, such as vision, hearing, etc., an emotion is produced—anger at the sight of a gang of boys beating an old woman, for example. The same emotions of anger can be created by artificial radio signals sent to your brain by a controller. You could instantly feel the same white hot anger without any apparent reason."

Richard Helms, Plans Director for the CIA, oversaw military-oriented EMR research pursuing the possible transmission of strategic subliminal messages into the aggregate minds of enemy populations. In a 1964 memo to the Warren Commission regarding the possibility that Lee Harvey Oswald had been a mind-controlled assassin, Helms outlined the existence of "biological radio communication."

"Cybernetics [the science of communication and control theory that is concerned with the study of automatic control systems, such as the brain and mechanical-electrical communications]," Helms admitted, "can be used in molding of a child's character, the inculcation of knowledge and techniques, the amassing of experience, the establishment of social behavior patterns...all functions which can be summarized as control of the growth processes of the individual."

A subsequent CIA directive, summarized in a brochure on "cybernetic technique" distributed by Mankind Research Unlimited, an EMR study facility in Washington, D.C., detailed the CIA's development of a "means by which information of modest rate can be fed to humans utilizing other senses than sight or hearing." According to the brochure, the CIA's cybernetic technique, "based on Eastern European research," involved beaming information via radio frequencies to individual human nerve cells. The purpose, the directive stated, was "the enhancement of a subject's mental and physical performance.'

In 1965, the Department of Defense (DOD) discovered that the American embassy in Moscow was being purposely irradiated by the Russians with massive levels of microwaves. By that time, the DOD's secretive Advance Research Projects Agency (ARPA) at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in the nation's capital had itself developed a prodigious arsenal of electromagnetic weapons. Doctor Jose Delgado—whose current work with radio waves was underwritten by the CIA and Navy—believed scientists could transform, shape, direct and robotize humankind. "The great danger of the future," Delgado warned, "is that we will have robotized human beings who are not aware that they have been robotized."

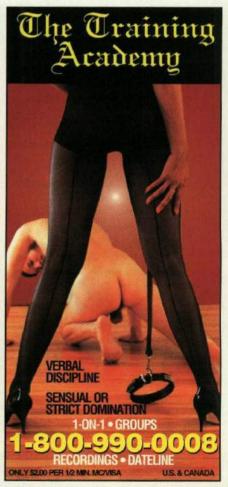
Baffled by the cause and intent of the microwave saturation at the embassy in Moscow, officials of the American intelligence community consulted experts on the biological effects of the radiation. Recalls Dr. Milton Zaret, a leading microwave scientist later recruited by "Pandora," a code-named CIA project for the study of radio-frequency-directed brain response, "The CIA inquired whether I thought electromagnetic radiation beamed at the brain from a distance could affect the way a person might act, and if microwaves could be used to facilitate brainwashing or to break down prisoners under investigation." The State Department elected to keep the socalled Moscow Signal a secret from American Embassy employees—and

(continued on page 120)









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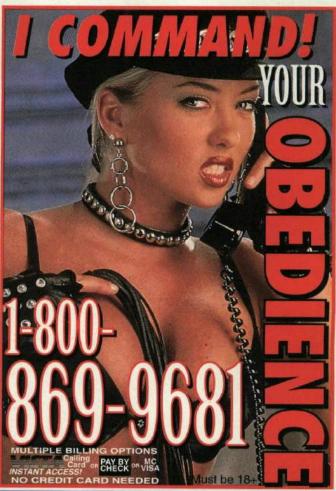
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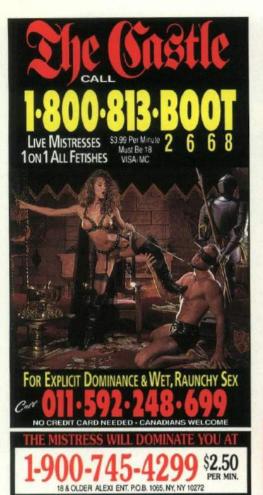
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RF-mind-control testing became a military priority—a simple, pulsed microwave beam outperformed drugs, ECT, torture and brain surgery as a means of behavior modification.

studied the side-effects of the radiation instead. Ambassador Walter J. Stoessel Jr., a long-time American diplomat in the Soviet Union, whose office was situated in the magnetic beam's center, succumbed by stages to blood disease, bleeding eyes, nausea and lymphoma. State Department employees Charles Bohlen and Llewellyn Thompson fell prey to cancer. The existence of the Soviet beam was finally acknowledged by the U.S. in 1976, in response to a report by syndicated columnist Jack Anderson. Officially, the State Department concluded that the microwave saturation of the embassy served not to brainwash, but to activate bugging devices in the walls. However, Dr. Zaret, after conducting his own tests, deduced that the Moscow Signal was psychoactive. "Whatever other reasons the Russians may have had [for irradiating the American embassy]," posits Zaret, "they believed the beam would modify the behavior of personnel."

Back in 1956, geophysicists R. E. Holzer and O. E. Deal, detected naturally occurring electromagnetic signals

in the auditory range that were produced by thunderstorms. With little variation, most of the electromagnetic bursts were metered at 25 to 130 cycles per second, with a very low attenuation rate. In other words, lightning discharges could be picked up anywhere in the world as "magnetic noise" on the extremely low frequency (ELF) radio dial.

Two years later, Dr. Allan Frey, a biophysics researcher conducting studies at General Electric's Advanced Electronics Center at Cornell University (and a contractor for the U.S. Office of Naval Research), published a "technical note" in Aerospace Medicine reporting that the human auditory system responds "to electromagnetic energy in at least a portion of the radio frequency (RF) spectrum. Further, this response is instantaneous and occurs at low-power densities...well below that necessary for biological damage." Frey's subjects "heard" buzzes and knocks when exposed to low-frequency radio emissions. In one experiment, Frey swept a radio beam over a subject. With each sweep, the subject heard the radio frequency sound for a few seconds and reported it. When Frey modulated power

densities, he discovered that even clinically deaf subjects perceived RF sounds. Experiments with transmitter settings proved that radio beams could induce the perception of severe buffeting of the head or prick the skin like needles.

Frey concluded that the brain is a powerful receiver of electromagnetic rays, and the "vocabulary" of RF noises could be expanded by modulating the pulse of the charge, which would be perceived by the subject as originating from within or slightly behind the head.

Among practical applications of auditory stimulation, Frey proposed "stimulating the nervous system without the damage caused by electrodes." Attracting the attention of CIA and DOD officials, Frey's work with microwaves had obvious uses in covert military operations. In one experiment, for instance, he synchronized pulsed microwaves with the myocardial rhythm of a frog, whereupon its heart stopped. Stimulating the hypothalamus of cats and dogs with microwaves powerfully effected emotions.

Frey was reluctant to experiment on humans for ethical reasons. But Pandora operatives did not balk at irradiating human subjects. Under CIA auspices, Dr. Dietrich Beischer exposed approximately 7,000 naval crewmen to dangerous levels of microwaves at the Naval Aerospace Research Laboratory in Pensacola, Florida. Data on exposure limits, Beischer justified, could be obtained in no other way, given the "exquisitely complex and dynamic nature of the hu-

man organism.'

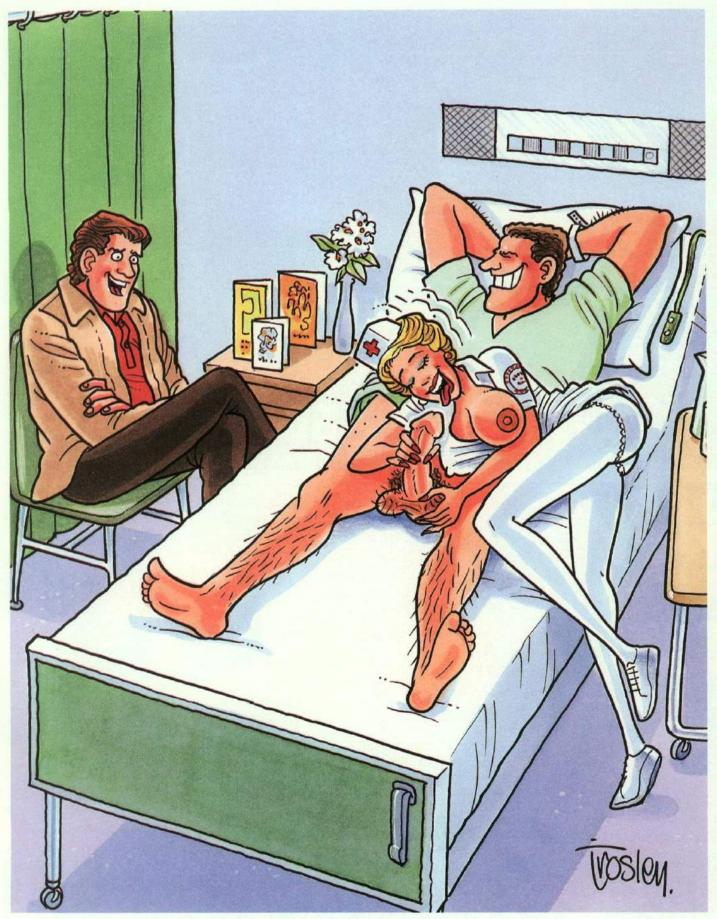
An "official" halt to Pandora was called in 1970, but classified, RF-mindcontrol testing had become a military priority. A simple, pulsed microwave beam outperformed drugs, ECT, torture and brain surgery as a means of behavior modification. By the late 1960s, CIA scientists had achieved direct communication between brain and computer, and had demonstrated in the laboratory that computer-assisted automatic learning was possible by pin-pointing neuron clusters in the brain with radio signals. Microwaves easily penetrated the brain's protective shields of bone, ligament and membrane. Brain waves could be unscrambled and deciphered, recorded and beamed to another person-creating artificial two-way mental communication.

At Walter Reed Army Hospital of Research in 1973, Dr. Joseph Sharp, strapped inside an isolation chamber, heard "words" beamed at him in a pulsed-microwave audiogram. (An audiogram is a computerized analog of the spoken voice.) ARPA's Robert O. Becker foresaw in the experiment "obvious applica-

(continued on page 134)



"Would you like to tell me why you have lipstick on your asshole?"

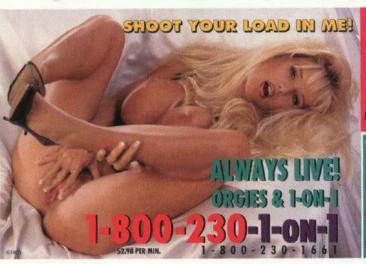


"Up until now I thought all medical plans were pretty much the same...."





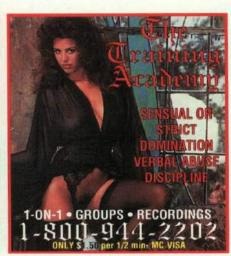




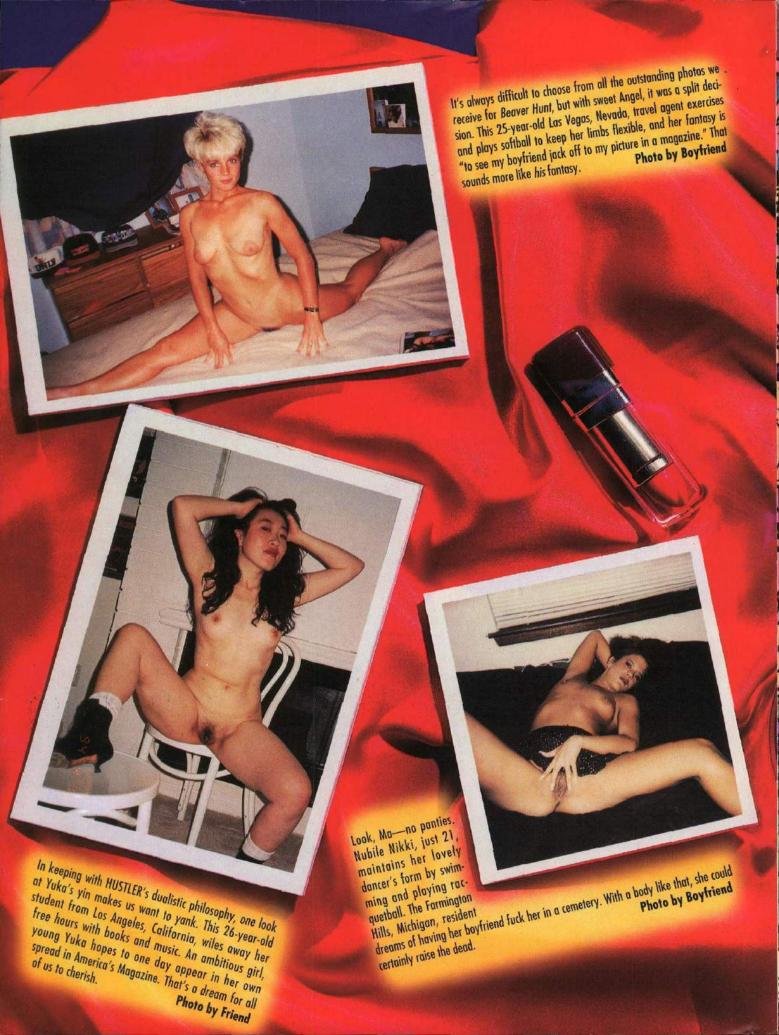
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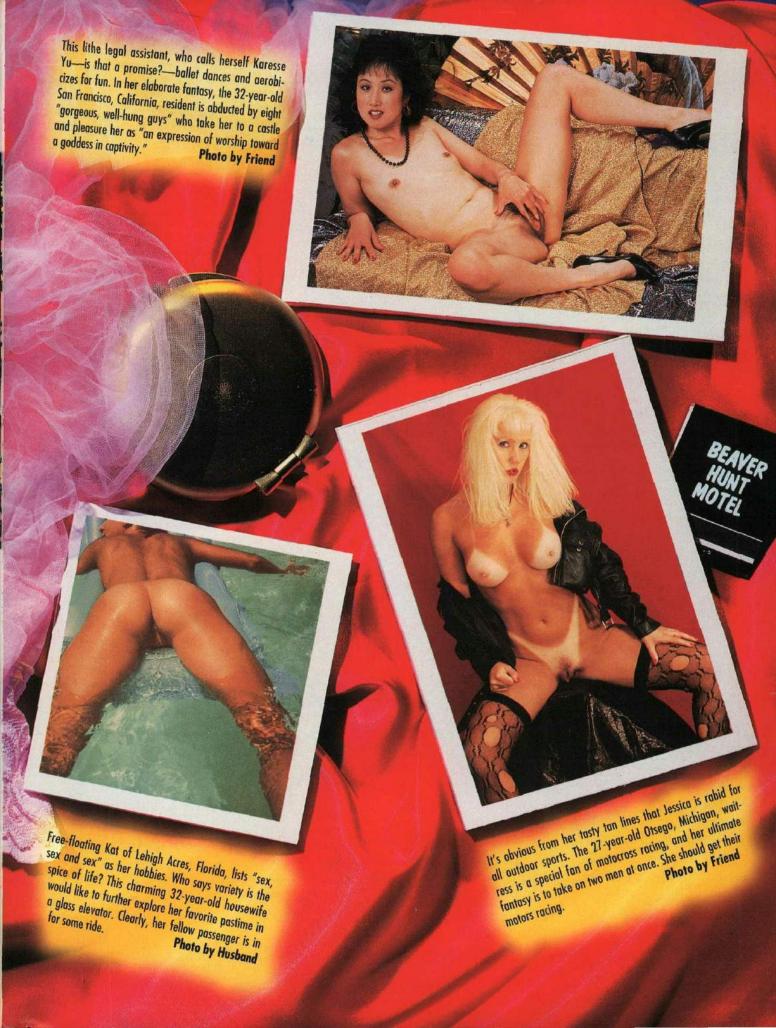
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Bentonville, Arkansas. The 24-year-old dancer practices gymnastics to keep limber, and she dreams of having wild sex on a night train. And women accuse men of having one-track minds.



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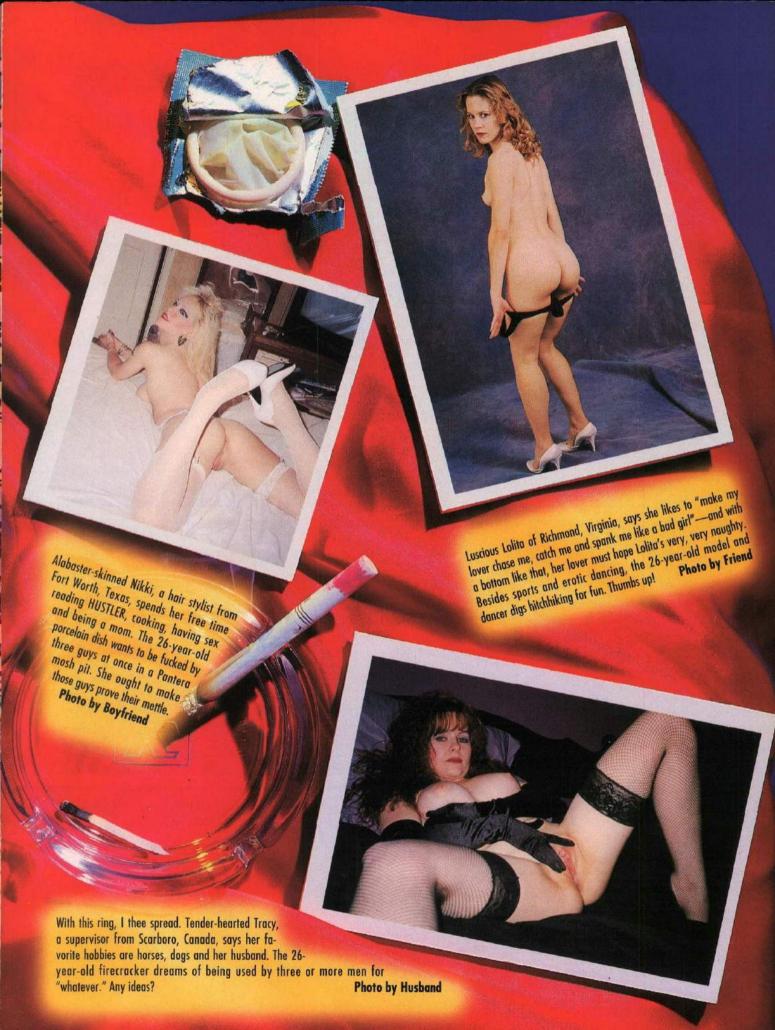
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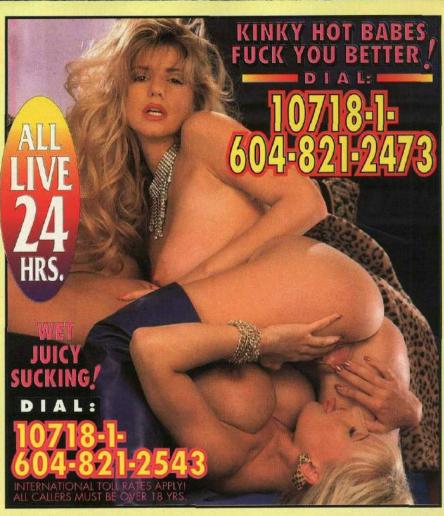
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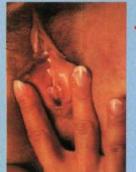
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Using special mode\interactive hypno therapy we can get you to smell and taste that pussy while you have that fun dial



'in number 4

75c PER MIN

ARE YOU IN THE TELEPHONE PORN BUSINESS IN THIS COUNTRY OR SET UP ABROAD. IF SO WE CAN DO BUSINESS FAX US ON 01144 272 221237

DIAL OUR 'FIRST TIME' GIRLS

INNOCENT SUSAN WEARS HER SCHOOL UNIFORM Pin number 413

SMALL MARY WANTS

YOUR FANTASY Pin number 414

Piss all over me, fuck me, I want everything I want to learn (ALICE) Pin number 415

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PER MINUTE

[MIN]

We got a whole bunch of people to tape record themselves doing dirty things to each other and to themselves. We got the microphone in close so you get good audio quality. Listen to these dirty fucking noises! on

# number

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# JM&LISTEN

2 Girls , 1 Dildo Pin number 417 Finger Fucking Slut Pin number 418 Hose pipe in her fanny Pin number 419 Three Men at once Pin number 420 What I did with a Banana Pin number 421

# SCREAMS OF

BARBED WIRE FUCKING

Pin number 422

**FUCKING ON A BED OF NAILS** Pin number 423

**LESBIAN ANAL AGONY** 

Pin number 424

SEX TORTURE CAMP

Pin number 425

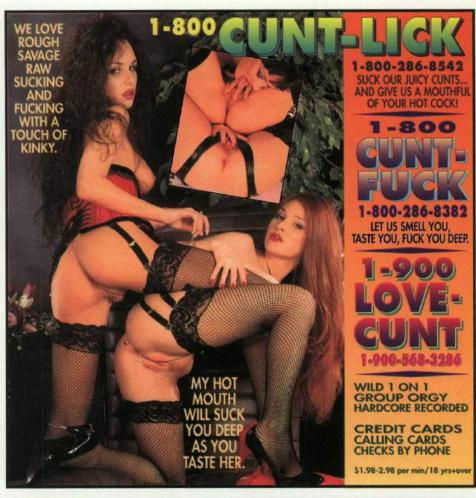
WHIPPED TO SUBMIT

Pin number 426

ALL GENUINE - NOT ACTING!

NOTE: In the event that any Dial up line is on overload we have an overload module that can direct callers to other services, including racing, ball games, glamour, romance, even the weather reports! - ALL NUMBERS ARE INTERNATIONAL NUMBERS THE MINIMUM CALL CHARGE BEING 75c PER MIN (MIN)







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51,78 PER MIN 18 & OLDER DEGREE COMM. LA CA (213) 656-1297 LIVEL ALWAYS 7-0N-1U



# Yum for Sum

(continued from page 88)

and fawn over Tanya as Ty looks on. The American couple selects the Thai guy with the biggest dick. After taking him back to their hotel, Ty strokes himself to a shattering come watching Tanya get her pussy sucked by her Thai rent-a-stud.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR WIFE OR GIRLFRIEND IF SHE COMES ALONG: Westerners visiting Bangkok with their significant others needn't send their ladies to the malls every evening. A choice of options greets couples cruising the Thai sex market. Many bargirls are willing to be part of a threesome, and Bangkok offers various bars specifically geared toward women, including a local Chippendale's. Thai boy-bars, which primarily service gay men, are staffed by a considerable number of straight dudes who will gladly compete for the chance to service visiting wives. Packed to the rafters with virile, young men, Bangkok's most prominent boy-bars, Twilight, Barbeiry and Tawan, are found on Suriwongse Road near Patpong. Any Western man who enters these bars will attract the attention of the boys. The polite denial of sexual advances is "Ya, krop" (Don't, please) and "Mai, krop" (No, thanks).

Point to the lady, and they will know she's the one shopping.

WHERE NOT TO GO: To avoid patronizing establishments that enslave, cheat or otherwise harm their girls, visitors touring Bangkok for trim should keep an eye out for warning signs of disreputable management. Scheming girlsfor-hire have been known to garner money by telling their American clients sob stories about being kidnapped or beaten by thugs. Although it can be difficult to determine the truth of such tales, bruises and bumps do not lie; steer clear of bars and massage parlors where the working girls appear unhappy and unhealthy. Quickie "blowjob" or "hands-free" bars-scattered throughout the city-are notorious for using indentured girls who perform sex services to

Browsing Thailand's sumptuous sex market can earn the considerate consumer much more than he lays out in cash. Visitors who mind the social customs, plan their trips well and choose their company carefully will leave the Land of Smiles with whack-off memories to last the rest of their lives. See for yourself. Thai one on. Tell 'em HUSTLER sent you.

pay off advances paid to their families.

Customers can get better attention from

willing free-agents elsewhere.



"My market analyst said to buy industrial futures, my accountant said to buy metals... but my dick said to go out and buy some pussy!!"

# "Voices"

(continued from page 120)

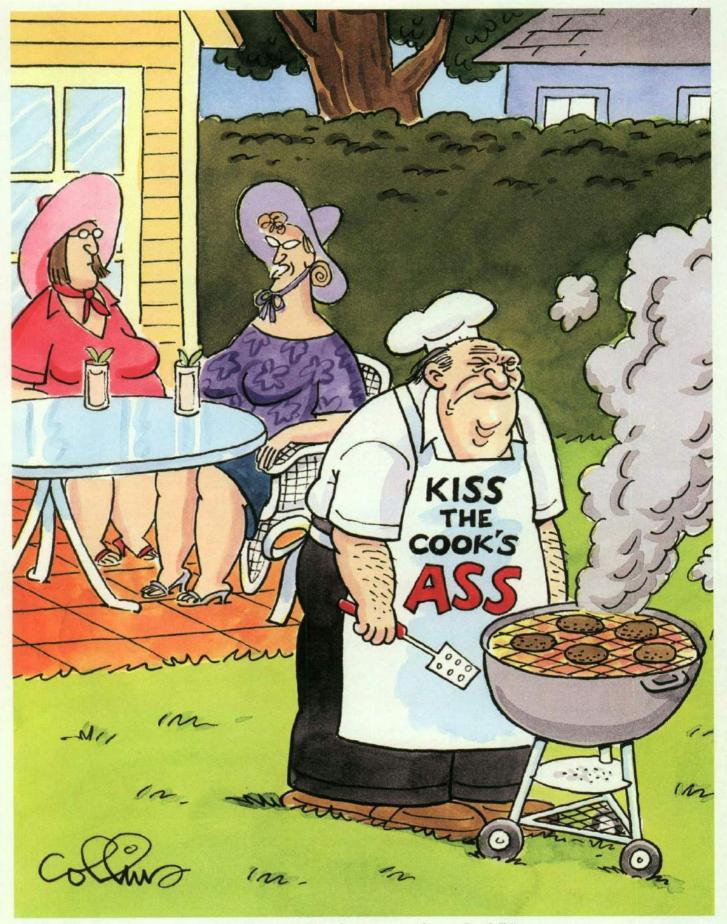
tions in covert operations." Becker imagined a barrage of "voices" driving an enemy insane, and post-hypnotic suggestion radioed to a programmed assassin, directing him to kill.

According to Naval Captain Paul Taylor in a 1976 essay, "The Electromagnetic Spectrum in Low-Intensity Conflict," a "speed-of-light weapons effect" could be achieved with "the passage of approximately 100 milliamperes [of directed frequency] through the myocardium, [leading] to cardiac standstill and death." In other words, electromagnetic devices with stun or kill settings could theoretically wipe out entire armies—and cities. The patent for just such a "death-ray" device, according to officials of the McFarlane corporation, an independent research and development firm, was pirated from them in 1965 by NASA. The theft was reported in hearings before the House subcommittee on DOD appropriations, chaired by Representative George Mahon (D-Texas). According to McFarlane company literature, the invention-termed a Modulated Electron-Gun X-Ray Nuclear Booster-could be adapted to "communications, remote control and guidance systems, electromagnetic radiation telemetering and death-ray applications."

Was the technology tested at home on private citizens? In March 1978, the city of Eugene, Oregon, found itself inundated with microwave radiation. The *Oregon Journal* reported: "Mysterious Radio Signals Causing Concern in Oregon." Federal government specialists blamed the Soviets, but the Federal Communications Commission concluded that the signal—recorded throughout the state of Oregon—came from a Navy transmitter in California.

Oregonians statewide complained of headaches, fatigue, inability to sleep, reddening of the skin, anxiety, "clicks" in the head and a "buzz" harmonizing with a high-pitched wail. Canadian researcher Andrew Michrowski wrote to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau on September 19, 1978, citing a Pacific Northwest Center for Non-Ionizing Radiation study that found the signals "psychoactive" and "very strongly suggestive of achieving the objective of brain control."

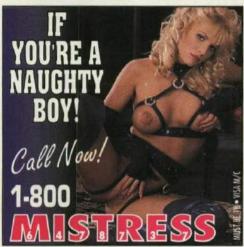
Clearly, breaching the ultimate stronghold of privacy—the mind—has been accomplished. If the U.S. government plans to do the thinking for all Americans, the days of *freedom*, *liberty* and *justice*—and human identity itself—appear to be numbered.



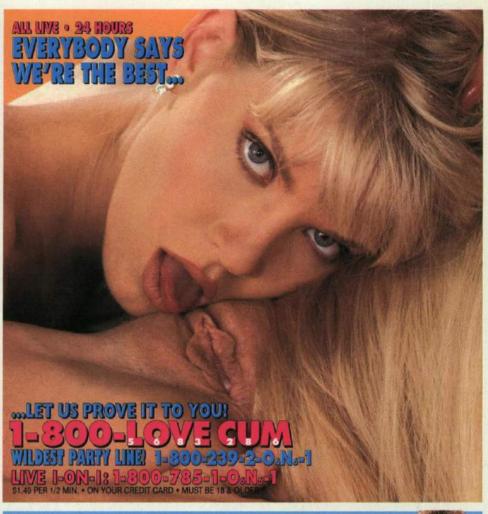
"Some men mellow after retirement, but not Randall."















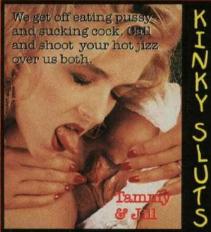








# (...boys & couples too)



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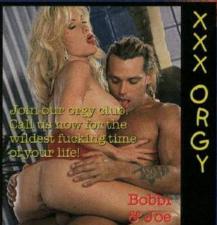
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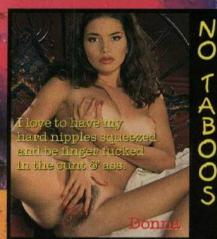




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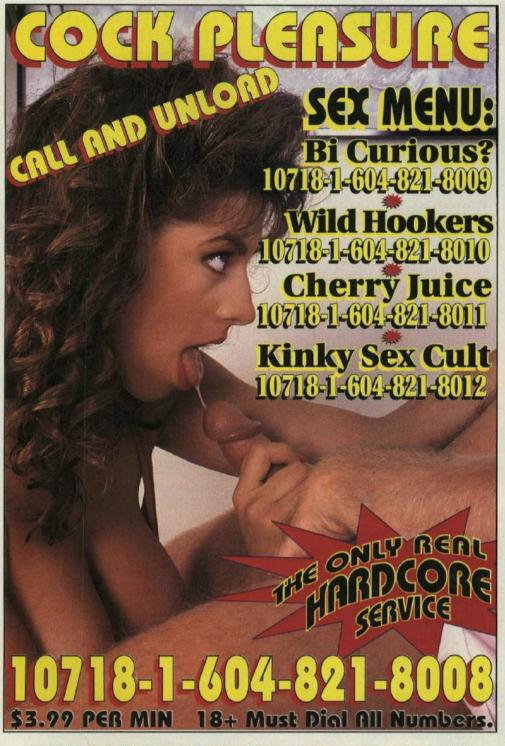
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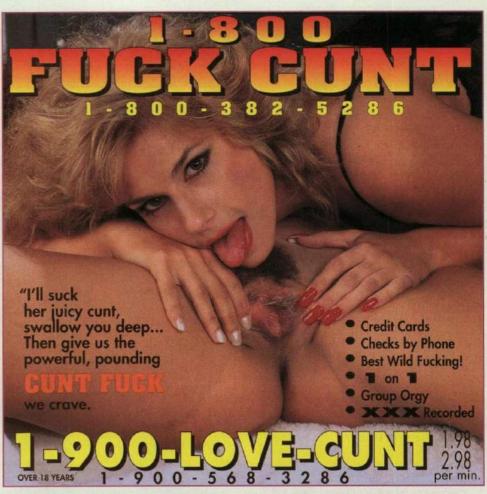






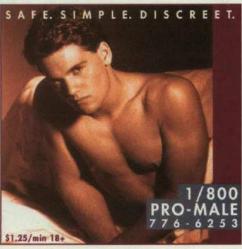
















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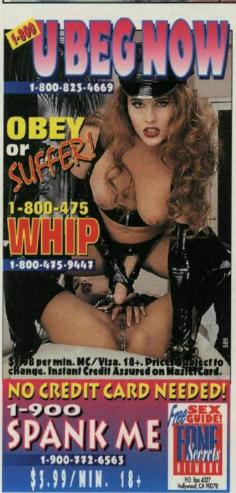
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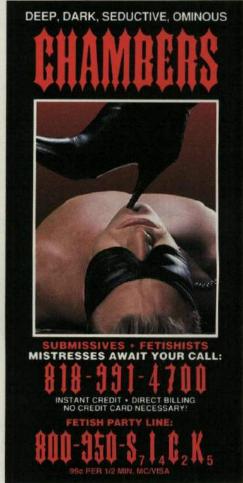
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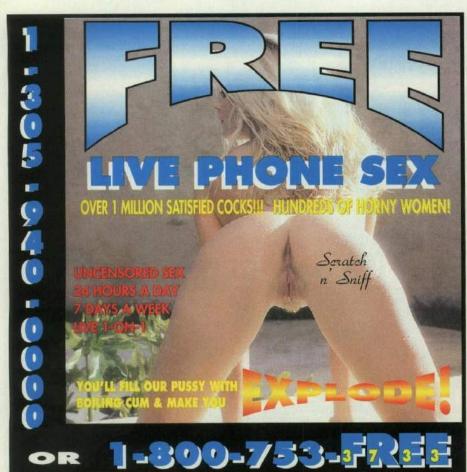
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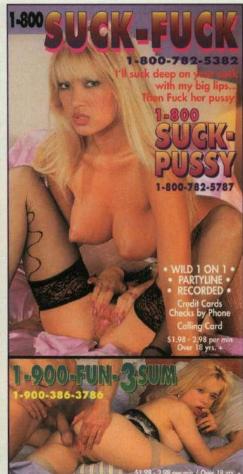






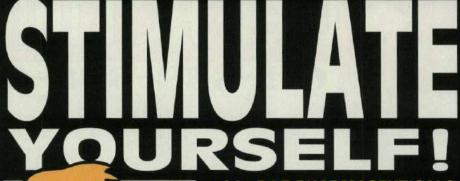














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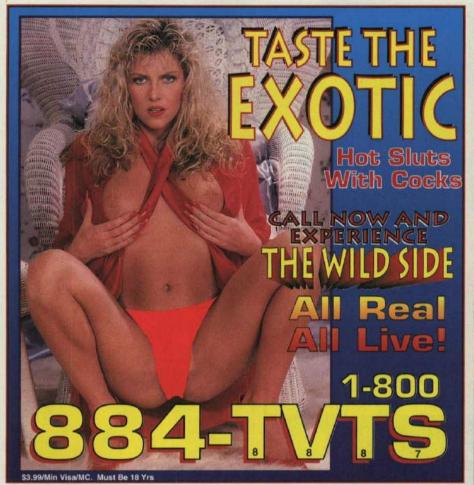
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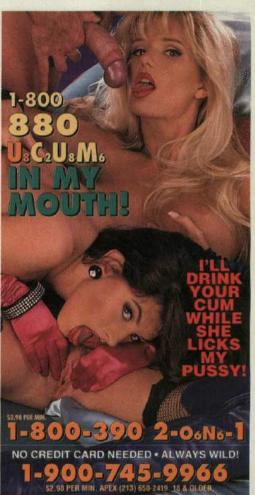
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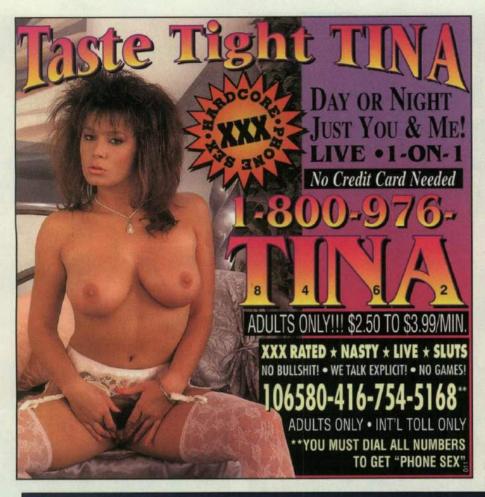
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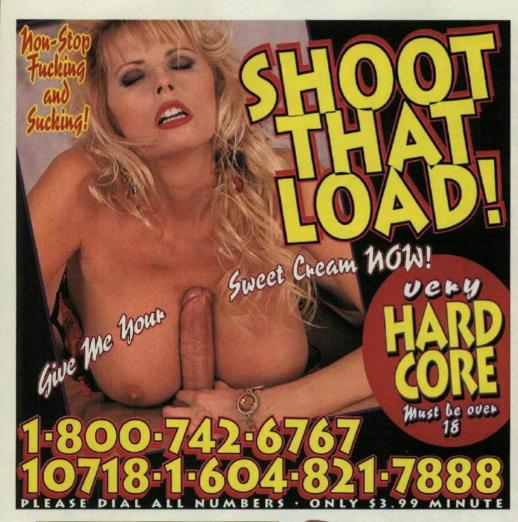














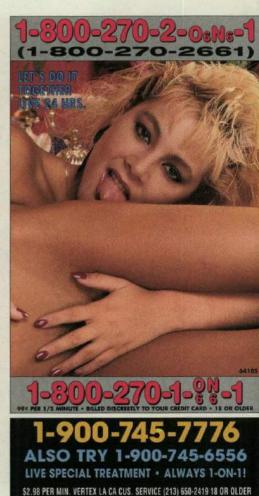




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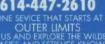
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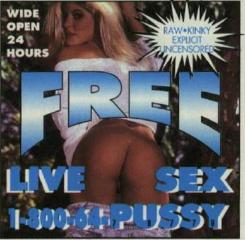


















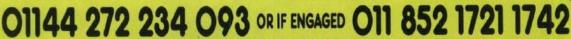
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## SIN NOBIS

MIN.

2 GIRLS FUCKING WITH 1 DILDO (Pin 206) TAKING IN A 15 INCH DICK SLOWLY (Pin 207) STRAIGHT FUCKING (Pin 208) GAY FUCKING (Pin 209)

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### PRETTY GIRLS .

DONNA 18 straps it on (PIN214)
19 4r old sucks you off (PIN215)
Ram it up me now lim 18 (PIN216)
Screw my friend l'Il help (PIN217)
I'm 19 and I want you
to cum in my mouth! (PIN218)
Tight wet cunt (PIN219)
Sticky smelly finger (PIN220)

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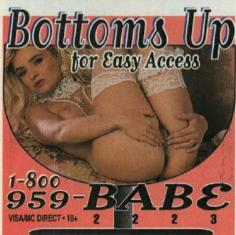
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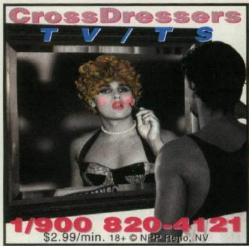
011=852=172=17442 [Calls cost from just 42¢ per 30 seconds.]



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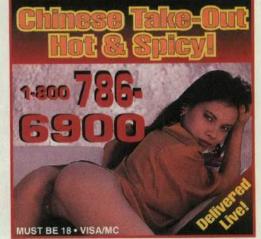
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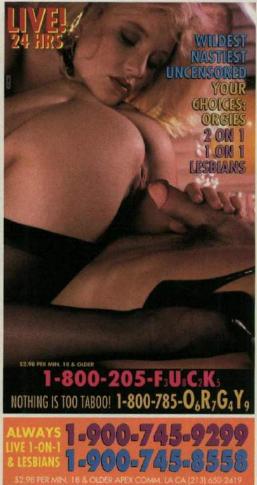


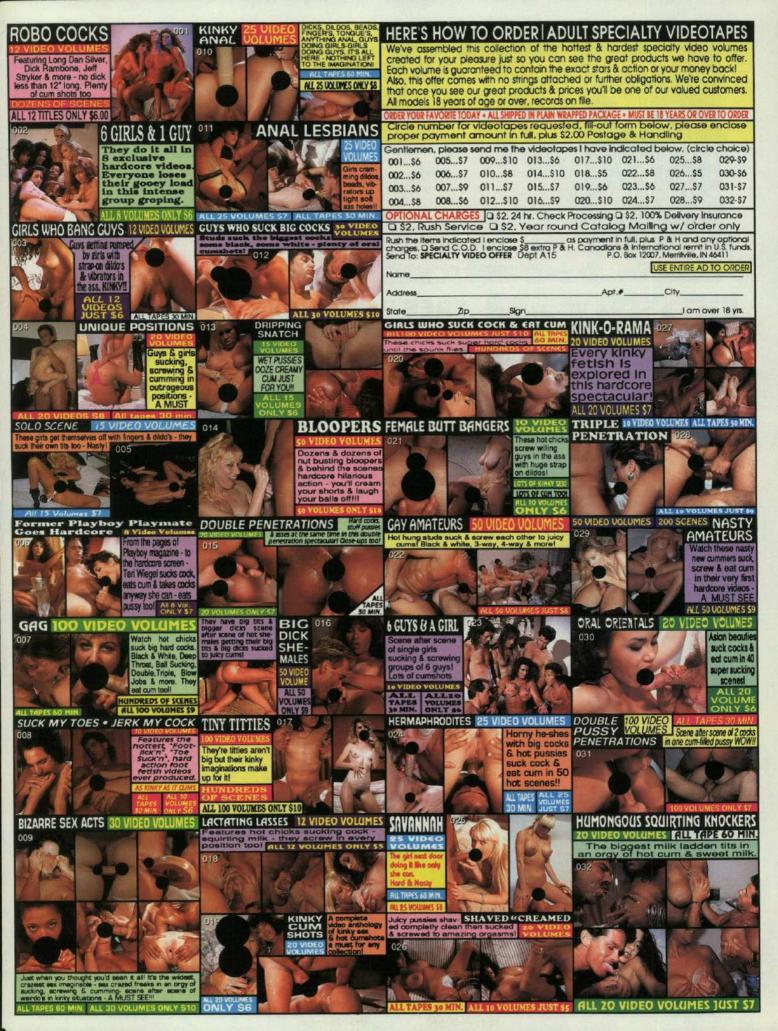


















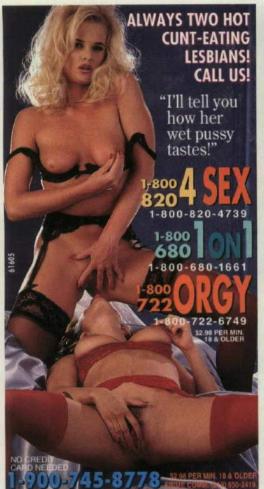
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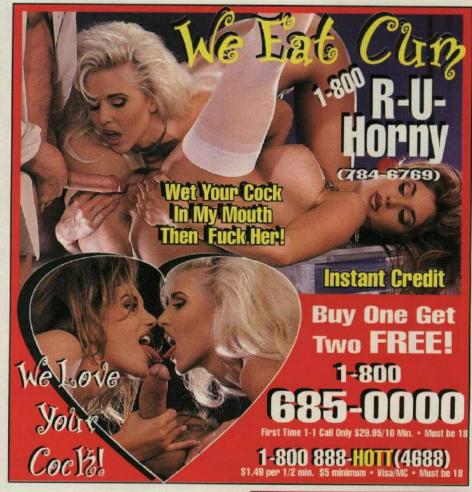
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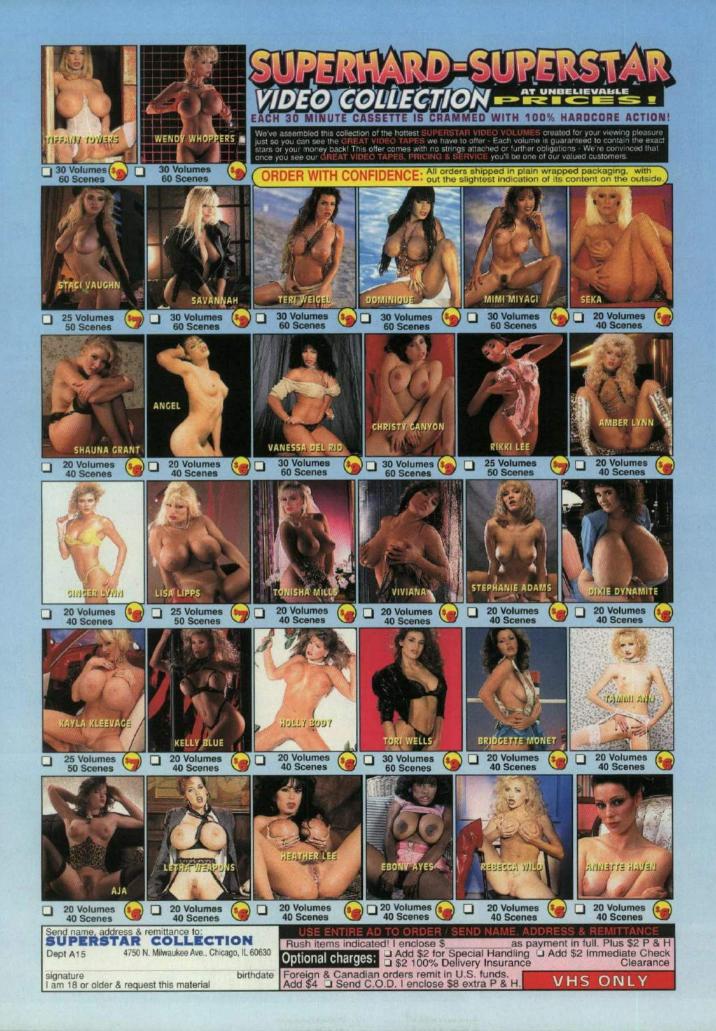






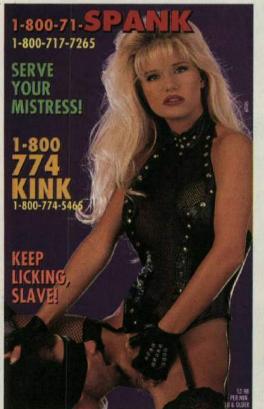
















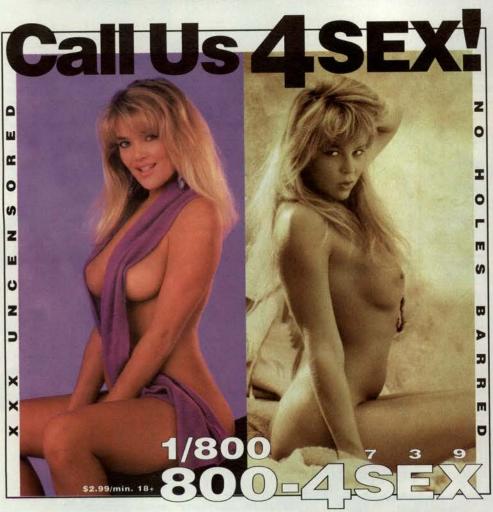


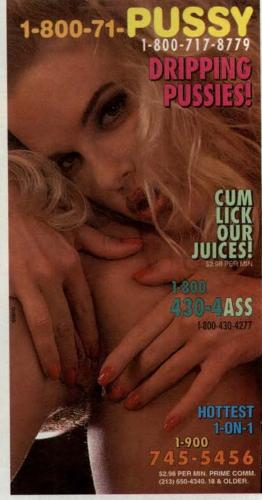








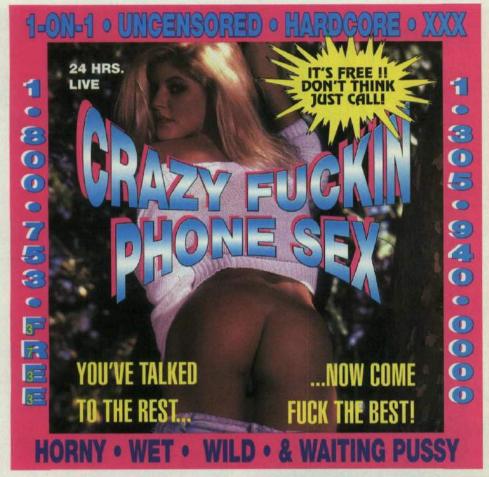


















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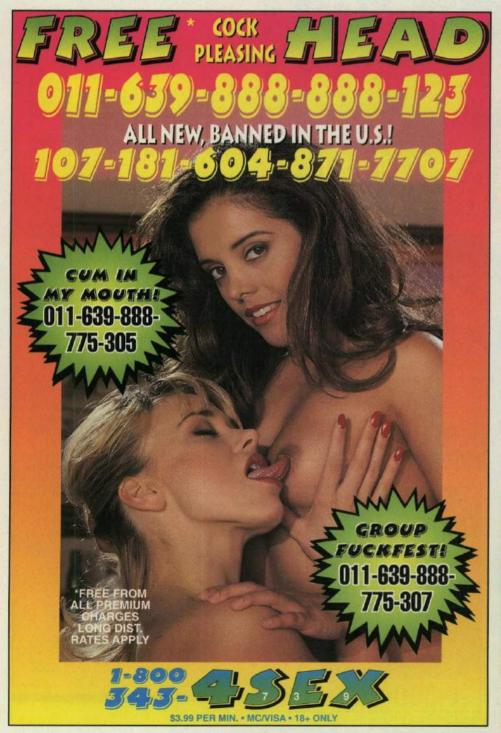
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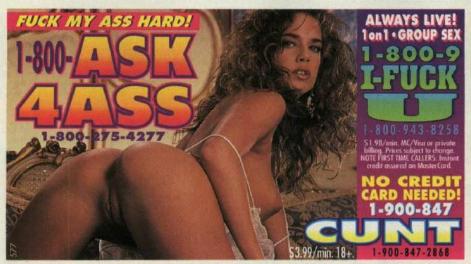
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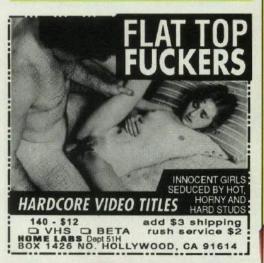
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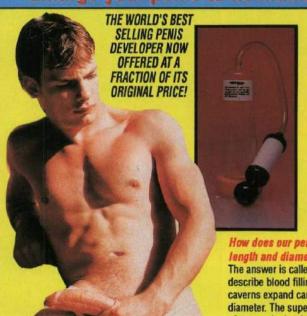






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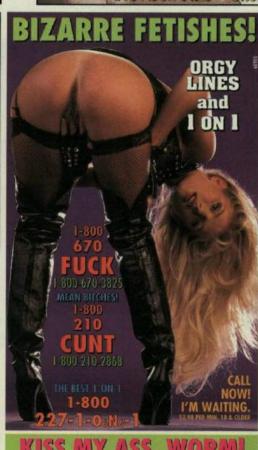












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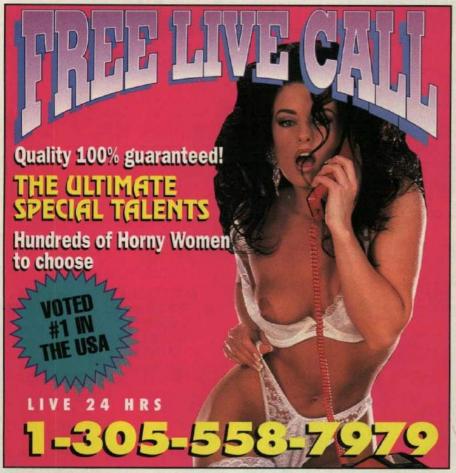


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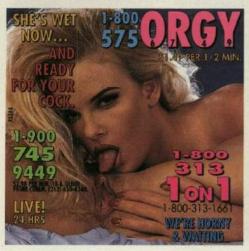
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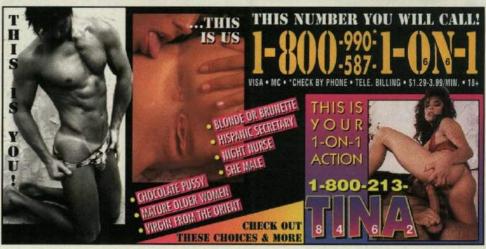














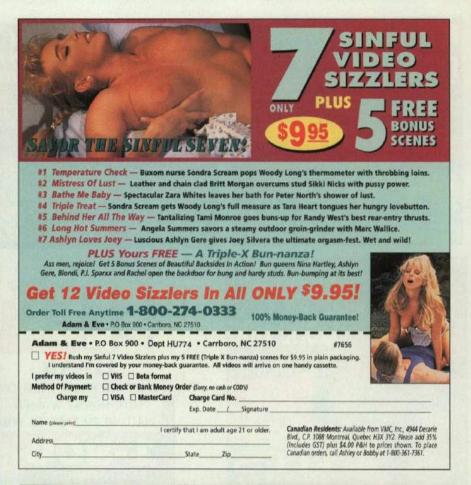
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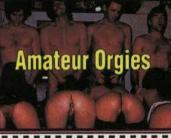


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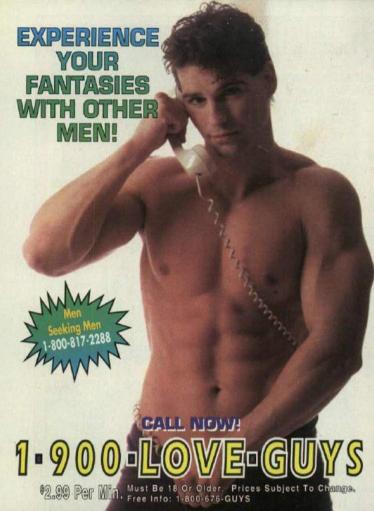
☐ MAGAZINES

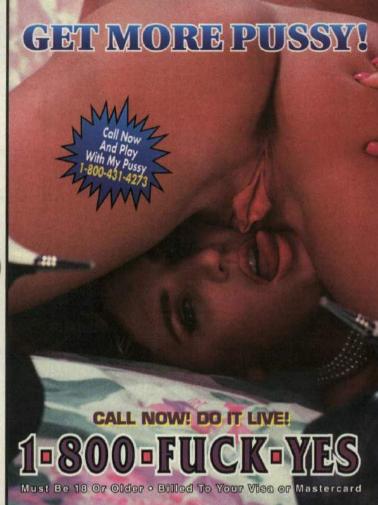
Same subjects available. Enclose \$2 per selection and circle catagories desired

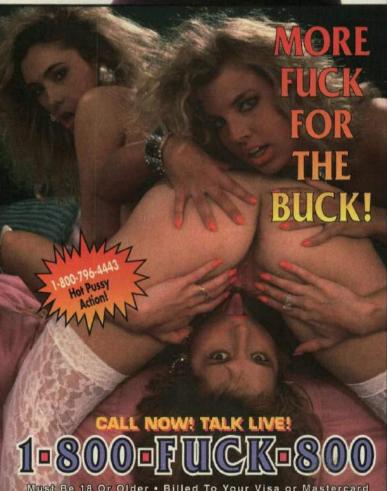
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 ☐ Soiled Panties & Kinky Photos \$10

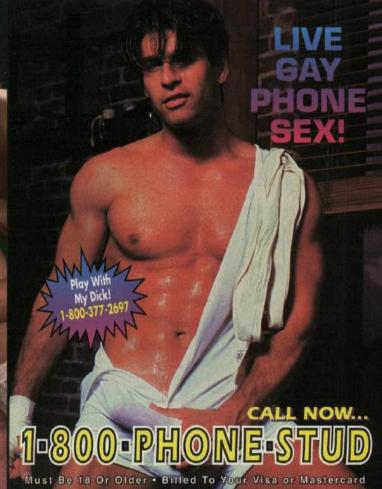
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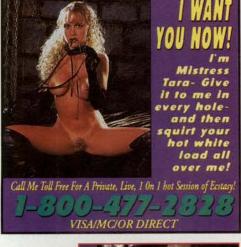












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Hot, horny women 10718-1-604-821-3051

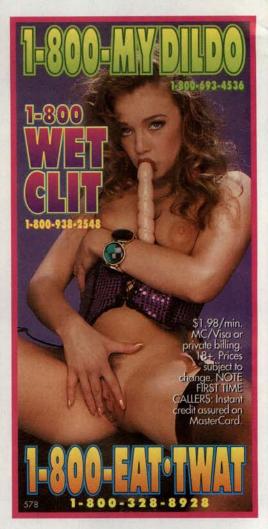
Submissive sluts! 10718-1-604-821-3052

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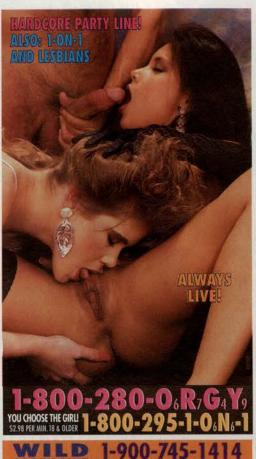
Dominance-10718-1-604-821-3055

CUM with us! 18+ / Int'l LD





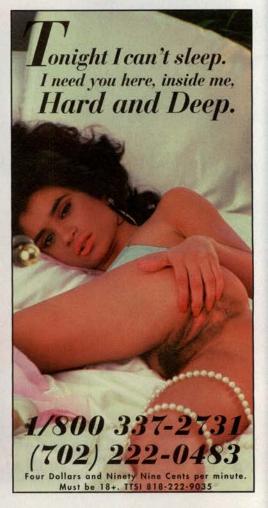




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HUMILIATION

OUR GIRL LOVES
TO SWALLOW
YOU!
1-800-967
HEAD





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BANG ME FROM BEHIND!

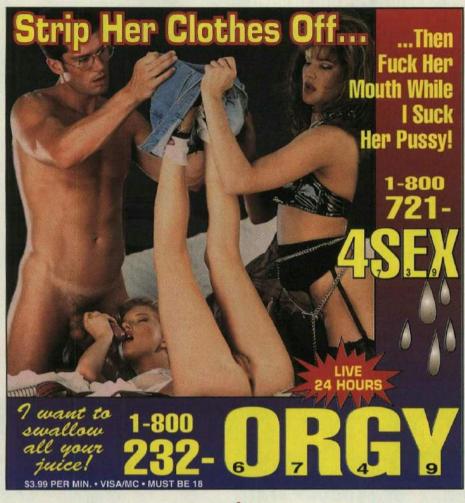


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MUST HAVE TOUCHTONE PHONE AND BE 18 OR OLDER

10









PRETTY WOMEN! COUPLES - GAYS - YOUR AREA 1-900-370-5353

\$2.00 per minute Over 18 Bryan Pub—Chula Vista, CA

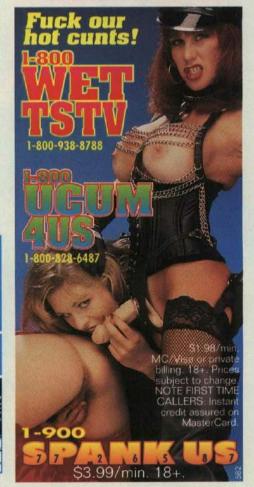
Date HOT Women! All areas. Free photos. Latins, Box 1716-GW, Chula Vista, CA 91912 (619) 685-5195

Intimate dates tonight!
Girls who want to please
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\$2.00 minute

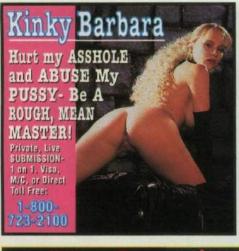
Must be 18 Latin World-Moreno Vly, CA





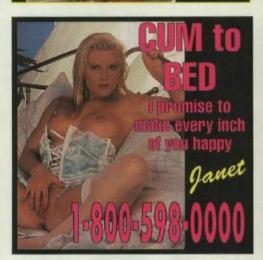












959-6900

18+ VISA/MC/ DIRECT BILL





**DREAM GIRLS!** Swingers! Fun Dates!

By area code 1-900-420-6270 ext 20

\$2.00 min. 18 and older Bryan Pub—Chula Vista, CA

Beautiful Mexican girls seek boyfriends Free photos! Latins, Box 1716-DH, Chula Vista, CA 91912 (619) 425-1867

**Date Beautiful Women!** Attractive couples/gays Fantastic women - your area!

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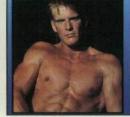
\$2.00 minute

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\$3.99/min. 18+.

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LIVE XXX UNCENSORED \$2.99/MIN. 18+

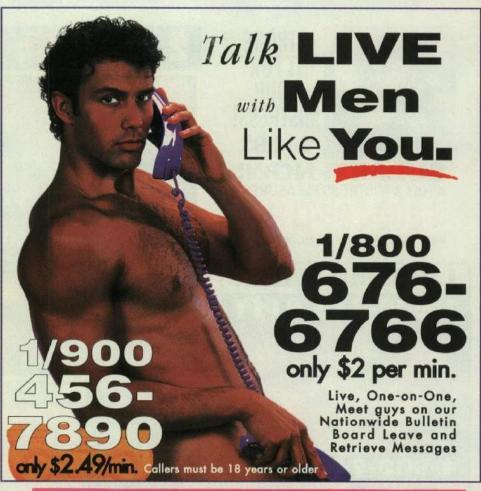


This penis pumper will please you like the most desirous pussy you you can imagine. Ultra-sensitive fibers let you cum as often as you want. Washable & reuseable!

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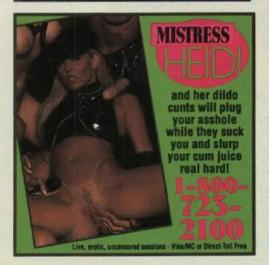


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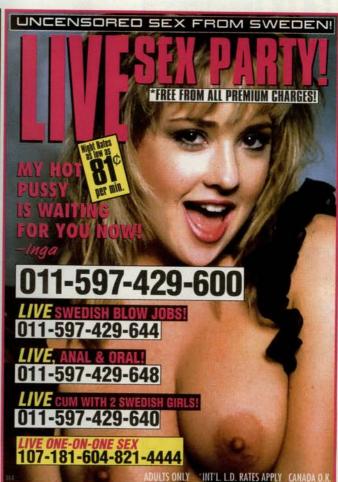












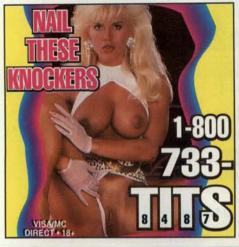




























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Then I'll give it to you up your ass!

-800 729- 6900 VISA/MC OR DIRECT BILLING MUST BE 18+





The most advanced, easy-to-use system for **PENIS ENLARGEMENT and ERECTION CONTROL** ever developed is now available . . .

# The SUPRA-12 Dual System®

with the patented SENTRY™ Prolong Ring



Now you can GET IT UP with a speed you never thought possible; you can KEEP IT UP at a phenomenally large size you never thought possible; and you can STAY HARD for an incredible length of time you never thought possible . . .

YES! MEN REPORT MEASUREMENTS OF 9, 10, EVEN 12 FULL INCHES ARE POSSIBLE...
Watch your penis GROW LONG, GROW FAT and GROW to new startling dimensions!

It's easy; when you follow these simple instructions.



ANY MAN, with ANY SIZE in its soft state, inserts his organ onto the sleeve of the miroculous SUPRA 12 with the new SENTRY Prolong Ring for erection mastery.



2. Begin the vocuum development phase; see your flaccid, puny organ start to GET LONG, GET FAT, BULGE & GROW — to new startling dimensions of FMCTH & THIVYNESS



3. IS IT AS BIG AS YOU WANT? Good! Now simply slip the SENTRY Prolong Ring to the base of your penis. You can keep that long, thick hard erection for as long as you wish!

di How to the hong good unless it allows you to s IN SIZE, right? This is where mal new SENTRY Prolong Ring o maintain your NEW BULGING virile erection, for a period of erection control for as long as

#### HOW CAN THE SUPRA-12 DUAL SYSTEM INCREASE PENIS LENGTH & THICKNESS?

The phenomenon of male erectile response occurs when external stimulation, applied to the glans and penile shaft (see fig. 1) produces increased blood flow into the special muscles which reside in the penis. The increase produces turgidity and engorgement with a corresponding increase in thickness and size until the muscles are at full capacity. By increasing capacity, the muscles can hold more blood, producing a SIGNIFICANTLY LONGER, FATTER, and BULGING ERECTION. This is the principle behind the SUPRA-12, and it is simplicity itself! By using the system and all the components supplied, and flowing the simple directions, any man CAN ENJOY ASTOUNDING RESULTS in augmenting his natural penis size to the VERY MAXIMUM DIMENSIONS of which he is capable!

THE SENTRY PROLONG RING - THE MARVELOUS "BONUS" OF THE SUPRA-12 SYSTEM THAT ALLOWS YOU TO "HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO"!



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mail to: <b>DUAL SYSTEMS</b> Do P. O. Box 7901 • Canoga Par Gentlemen: Please send the item I enclose:   Cash	k, CA 91309
□ Heavy Duty Manual Pump with FREE SENTRY Prolong Ring\$23.95  □ Ultra Deluxe Electric Pump with FREE SENTRY Prolong Ring\$39.95  □ SENTRY PROLONG RING\$17.95 (When purchased alone) □ Send C.O.D. I enclose S5 to cover postage & handli No C.O.D.'s to P.O. Boxes or Canada. Remit in U.S. fund	TOTAL PURCHASE S POSTAGE & INSURANCE S INSURANCE S ADD ST FOR RUSH SERVICE S TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED S TO BE ONLY
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We use the highest quality materials available. If they don't meet your standards, simply return them. No problem.

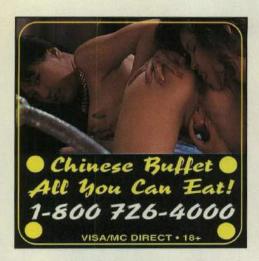
Discover passion, trust, adventure, and lust! Send for **Xandria's Leather Collection**. Its price of \$5.00 will be applied to your first order). **Introduce someone you love to the allure of leather, today!** 

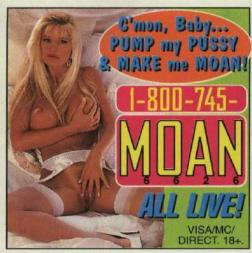
Xandria	Leather	Collection	Dept HUL0195
P.O. Box	31039, San	Francisco,	CA 94131

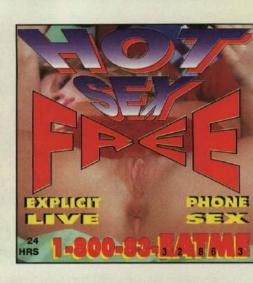
Send me the Xandria Leather Catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for \$5.00 which will be applied towards my first purchase. (\$7.00 CAN., \$3.50 U.K.)

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

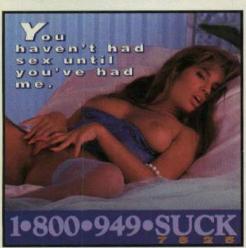
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State/Zip		

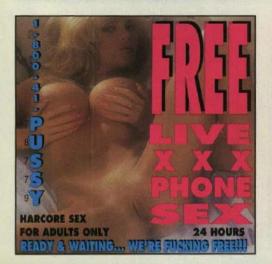


























#### February HUSTLER on sale December 20, 1994



#### HADDINGK

Valentines say "beat mine" when HUSTLER in February unveils six silky, pink hearts guaranteed to kiss wet. Follow the glistening map between the legs of a powder-white, pillow-soft brunette who traces the private path to her inner beauty with both hands; whisper sweet somethings to a tight-tummied, bubble-butt blonde shedding a robe of chiffon to get it on; caress the dipping curves of a leggy, dark-haired beauty draping her catlike figure across a bed of wild abandon to get her fur rubbed the right way; drink in the dewy charms of two lip-jamming, nipple-grabbing look-alikes trading tongues on bungs and lips on nips; and dip into a seemingly ordinary tub with an extraordinary, dainty-titted bath toy whose soap-slicked tricks entice a wet-suited dick to shoot out of the water. HUSTLER in February aims for the moon. Score with us.



Police suspect Serapio Zuniga Rios of raping a five-year-old, California girl. Martin Meza is accused of killing a teacher at a Southern California vocational school. Marcos Garcia is suspected of burning to death an American citizen. All accused criminals, the three men have something else in common: Mexican nationals who have returned to the land of their birth; they are safe from U.S. prosecution. Despite the 1979 Extradition Treaty between the U.S. and Mexico, the Mexican government adamantly refuses to surrender its citizens. Crossing the Line, by writer Kimberly C. Wilson, takes an angering look into Mexico's handsoff policy toward border-hopping criminals, who are safe from legal prosecution—as long as their crimes are committed in the USA.



It's unlikely you'll find titles such as Deathtrap: Improvised Booby-Trap Devices, Secrets of Methamphetamine Manufacture or Bazooka: How to Build Your Own at your local library. These books are sold primarily through mail order by a growing number of renegade publishers who believe in the public's Constitutional right to information. Writer Don Vaughan's Recipes for Mayhem provides a compendium of how-to manuals the police would be happy if you never knew existed.

#### **UP FOR GRABS**

"You mean she got away with it?" John Wayne Bobbitt asked when his wife, Lorena, was cleared of malicious wounding for hacking off his penis. Bobbitt's reattached wanger is poised to star in an adult film directed by Ron Jeremy, and writer Larry Furst goes behind the scenes to bring back *The Dick That Almost Got Away; Beaver Hunt* welcomes housewives itching to get out of the kitchen; and *Bits & Pieces* makes every joke deep with a glimpse of pink. HUSTLER in February hits hard. Get pumped.







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All I do is fantasize about the day that I'll find some big strong man with a hard cock that can give it to me all night long. I don't care what he asks for...if he can fuck me right, he'll get it. I guess you could call me a Hot Cunt that's why I changed my number to

# 1-800-HOT-CUNT (468-2868).

As for my friend Tina, she wants her sex kinky, hot and wild. One or two men at a time and on occassion even a woman to tickle her clit

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1-800-666 TINA (8462)

The way I suck cock wil leave you shaking in your socks. First I'll lick your balls with my wet hot

tongue and then I'll move my way up your shaft with wet kisses and when you're hard and begging me to take you into my mouth I'll tease you by sucking only your buldging cock head. What cums next? You do when you call me at

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You say sit on it and we say "Thought you'd never ask". Yeah we're the kind of gals who want it way up tight. We bend over for you and spread 'em wide! Imagine your big hard cock in a small tight hole. Don't imagine... You can be do'in it to us right now on...

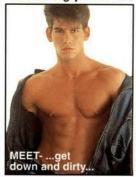
### 1-800 **HOT-SEXX** 468-7399



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